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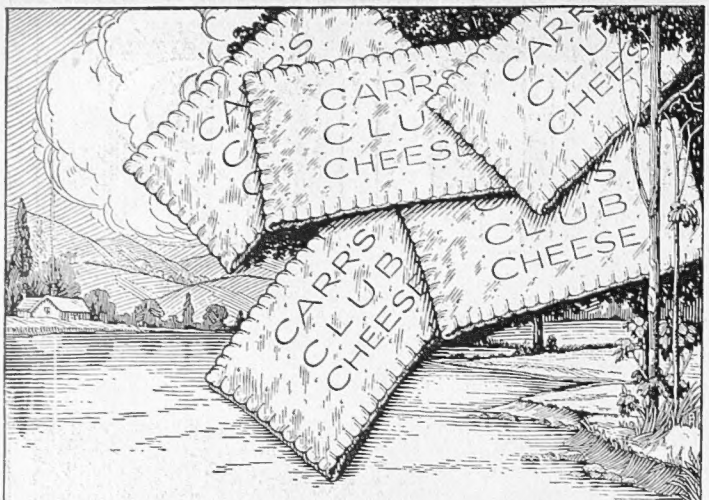

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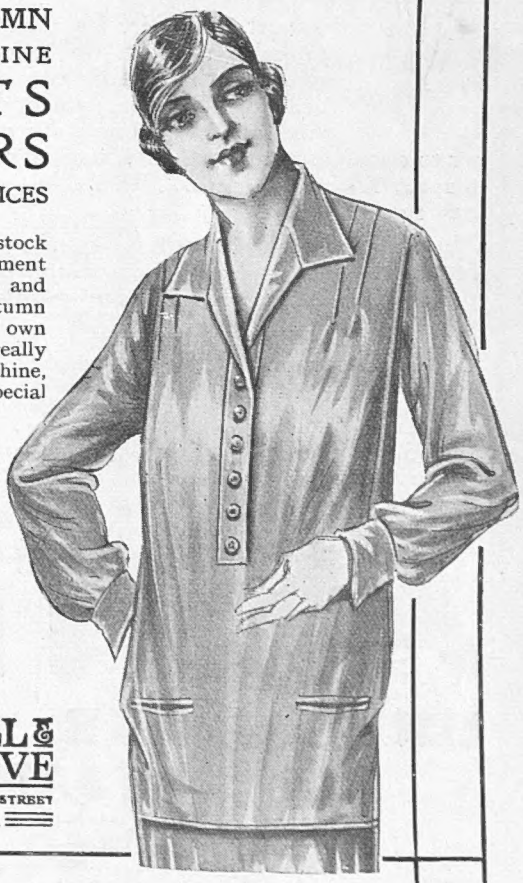

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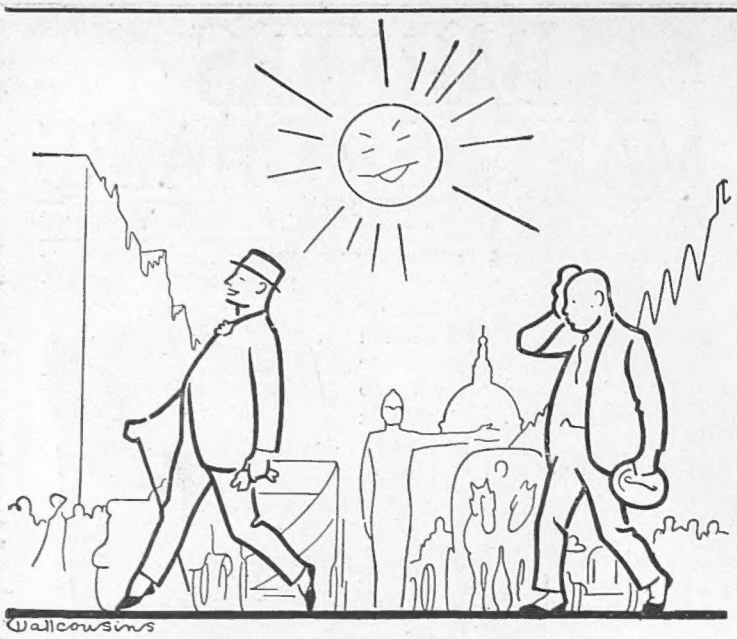

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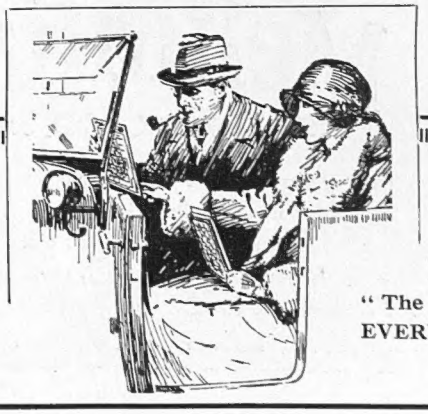

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SANITAS FLUID

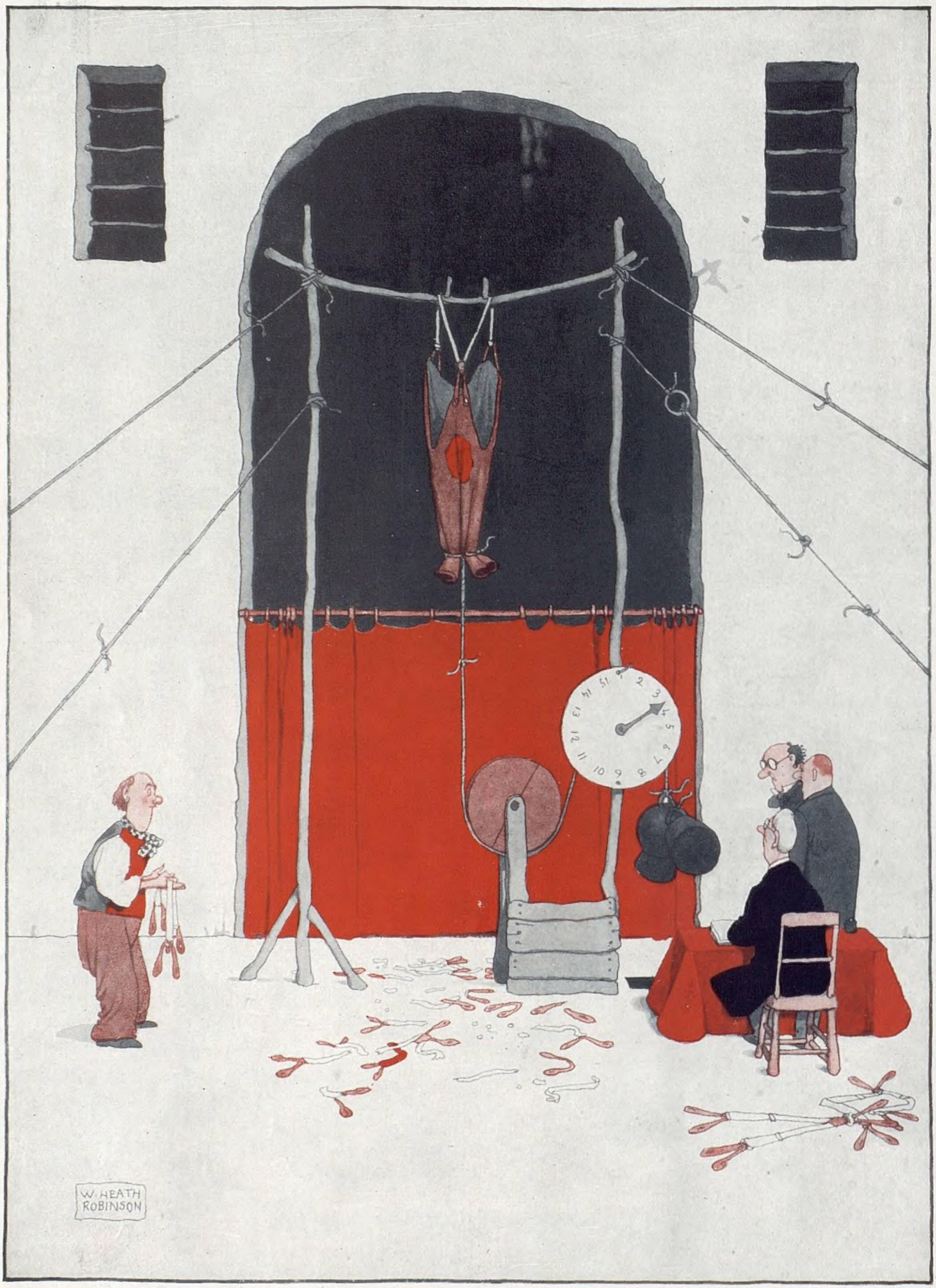
The Bystander, August 4, 1926 No. 1181. Vol. XCI.

The BYSTANDER

BY W. S. HUTTON

THE "DEAR" STALKER

"Our Rugged Island Brace"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Testing the strength of British braces in one of our most important factories in the Midlands

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

So This is August

EVERY month has its special character. I don't propose to remind you that Christmas comes in December or that March winds are followed by April showers. I will also assume that you know what happens to partridges and pheasants in the months of September and October.

The Close Season

The pheasants and the partridges,
And other birds that fly,
Are never shot
When days are hot—
It is a privilege they've got;
I've often wondered why.

The Family Festival

AUGUST is the great family festival, and it has seen such changes during the past few years that we must take stock of the situation. Before the war the boundaries of the great holiday exodus were well defined. There was the class of person who went to Southend. There was the class of person who went to Torquay and the Isle of Wight. There was the class of person who went abroad—if only to Knocke-sur-Mer or Wimereux. There was, also, the class of person who didn't go to the seaside because that sort of person didn't do that sort of thing.

Let Us Assume—

I NEED not enlarge on the social status of each particular class. Making a rough guess, I shall assume that you went to Wimereux; that your maiden aunts trotted off to Torquay, and that the rest of the world, to say nothing of his wife, was satisfied with Southend. That is my estimate of the pre-war situation.

What Has Happened?

NOWADAYS, all this is changed. Your maiden aunts still go to Torquay—one of the very few seaside resorts that have retained their character—but the patrons of Southend have transferred their affections to the French coast. And this leaves us wondering what has happened to the people who went to Wimereux, and who are the people who keep Southend so crowded that you could walk on their heads on any pleasant Sunday afternoon.

Cutting Their Teeth

WE seem to have created a new race of holiday-makers, who are cutting their teeth on Southend rock. These excellent folk have pushed their predecessors across the Channel, with the result that Wimereux and Knocke-sur-Mer are now considered quite impossible by their former patrons, who are therefore forced to journey further afield. Many of these are finding their way to the French Riviera, where a big, bumper summer season is already in full swing.

A First Visit

AT the risk of being voted a snob, I want to have a word with the world and his wife on the occasion of this their first visit to Wimereux. I would implore them not to assume that Boulogne is the original site of the Tower of Babel, and that anything they may say in their native tongue will not be understood by the local populace. I would ask them not to laugh at any Frenchman who happens to wear a beard, and if they *can* forget the Exchange for a minute or two it would, I am sure, be a relief to All Concerned.

YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO PARTRIDGES IN THE MONTHS OF SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER —

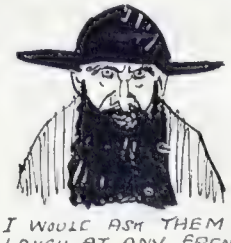
THE PHEASANTS AND THE PARTRIDGES ARE NEVER SHOT WHEN DAYS ARE HOT —

THERE WAS THE CLASS OF PERSON WHO WENT TO SOUTHEND

THERE WAS ALSO A CLASS OF PERSON WHO DIDN'T GO TO THE SEASIDE —

THE PRE-WAR ENGLISHMAN WAS A JOKE —

HIS SUCCESSOR IS A TRAGEDY



I WOULD ASK THEM NOT TO LAUGH AT ANY FRENCHMAN WHO HAPPENS TO WEAR A BEARD —

A NEW RACE OF HOLIDAY MAKERS, WHO ARE CUTTING THEIR TEETH ON SOUTHEND ROCK —

YOUR MAIDEN AUNTS STILL GO TO TORQUAY —

A Modern Tragedy

THESE suggestions may have a somewhat elementary ring about them, but, believe me, I have seen sights and heard sounds in the Casino at Boulogne that made me hide myself in a corner and cry. Foreign travel is not so easy as it looks, and if the pre-war travelling Englishman was a joke, his successor is most certainly a tragedy. Added to which, we are not so popular as we might be, and it behoves us, therefore, to tread warily lest we light upon the corns of our gallant allies who have quite enough troubles of their own.

CAVE "CAVE" CANEM! By David Wilson

Mechanical Sport

NOW that we have started greyhounds chasing a mechanical hare, is it too much to hope that all forms of cruelty will be eliminated from the great world of sport? We might, for example, have mechanical bowlers—machines that would continue to have their best deliveries hit about on a perfect wicket. We might have mechanical referees for the more important cup-ties at which feeling runs dangerously high, and the picture of a racing crowd chasing a mechanical welsher would be entirely satisfying and free from any form of cruelty.

Not So Extravagant

JOKING apart, I see no reason why toreadors, matadors, picadors, and other Spanish heroes should not engage with a mechanical bull in the arenas at San Sebastian and Madrid. The thing could be made as terrifying as you please. Red fire might spurt from its nostrils, and it might be so contrived that it could spring like a leopard and kick like a donkey, in addition to performing its natural evolutions. Pigeon shooting has already a mechanical alternative, which goes to prove that my theories are not so extravagant as you might suppose.

A Possible Play

THE story of the bad man who incited a country detective to commit a burglary on the grounds that there was only "one old-fashioned detective" in the district would make the nucleus of a good play. The detective would be an elderly man with failing eye-sight and slightly on the deaf side. His superiors would be saying that he was past his job, and a modern young burglar would be making rings round him. And then would come his great chance, with the capture of the burglar in the last act. It might make a better film, but my fees will be the same in either case.

A Temporary Blight

BRITISH railways are beginning to resemble those of France, but, fortunately, in one respect only. Such is the quality of the imported coal that the heavy smoke and smuts familiar to Continental travellers are casting a temporary blight upon the English countryside. Apart from this, however, the magnificent organisation of the British railways is unimpaired, and we continue to set an example to the world. Meanwhile, the accidents on French railways continue, thus serving to accentuate the safety of the British system.

May One Suggest—?

BUT if we have safety on the rails, it can scarcely be said that we are equally fortunate with our road traffic. Not a day passes without a series of accidents being chronicled in the Press. Motor cycles are most to blame, and their behaviour in the dense and increasing traffic is simply terrifying. May one suggest that police should give motor cars a rest and pay particular attention to motor cycles for a week or two? I have no antipathy towards this popular form of locomotion—I am merely anxious to save them from themselves, for in the event of a collision they are usually the worst sufferers.

A Perfect Playhouse

THIS week sees the inauguration of a theatrical partnership that should revive the glories of those big partnerships of the past by which theatrical history was made. Seymour Hicks and Robert Courtneidge are joining forces at the Savoy Theatre, and playgoers all over the country will wish success to their enterprise. The Savoy Theatre has had thousands of pounds spent on it during the last few years and is now the most perfect little playhouse in the West End.

A Golden Harvest

TALKING of Seymour Hicks reminds one of his French prototype, Sacha Guitry. Everyone knew that Sacha got £250 a show, and everybody laughed at the foolishness of the manager who would pay such a price. But results proved that the salary of a star is only limited by his drawing capacity, and that the hire of the labourer should depend on what he is worth, rather than on a settled scale.

Herriot, bowled Fate 0

BY E. T. REED

HERRIOT: "*There you are!* Out first ball! What a lot of rot they've been talking about 'The Invincibility of the Batsman'!—what *we* want is *half a chance!*"

Central News

A SCHOOL CEREMONY

Prince Henry speaking at Bedford School, which he visited last week to open the School War Memorial. The memorial takes the form of a library and hall

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

At Goodwood

THE KING always occupies the same suite of rooms on his yearly visit to Goodwood. Sometimes they are referred to as the State apartments, but more generally they are known as "The Tapestry Suite," because of the superb tapestries with which they are hung, and which were given to the third Duke of Richmond when he was our Ambassador in France by Louis XIV. These rooms look out on a private lawn of their own on which are some fine cedars of Lebanon. From all their windows there is a magnificent view of the country, with a glimmer of blue sea in the distance.

This year the Queen did not accompany the King, a circumstance which seemed to surprise some people vastly, but for the life of me I can't tell why. Goodwood is not a social function like Ascot or the Derby, and therefore calling for the same social representation by the Queen. It is a country race-meeting exactly like the meetings at Newmarket. Queen Alexandra, both as Princess of Wales and as Queen, only stayed at Goodwood from time to time. Queen Mary, I believe, has only paid two visits since the King's succession.

House Parties and Polo

THE house-party at Goodwood, with the King, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, numbered thirty-four, to whom the Duchess of Northumberland acted as hostess for her father, the Duke of Richmond, now an octogenarian. Lord Lonsdale, Lord Durham, Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux and Lady Mar and Kellie, are generally invited to meet the King, and they were all the Duke's guests this year.

Lord and Lady March, the Duke of Richmond's heir and daughter-in-law, had a family party at Molecomb Park, near Chichester, which included their son, Lord Settrington, and their two daughters, Lady Amy Coats and Lady Doris Vyner. Lady Doris, you will remember, was one of the Duchess of York's bridesmaids, afterwards marrying Mr. Clare Vyner, the son of Lord Alwyne Compton. Mr. Vyner's maternal grandfather, Mr. Robert Vyner, was very rich. He left his daughter, Lady Alwyne Compton, a "comfort-

G.P.U.

A VISIT TO THE SOUTH

The Prince of Wales inspecting the Guard of Honour mounted by the 6th Batt. Hampshire Regt. when he visited Portsmouth recently to receive the Freedom of the City

Keystone

"TO MEET HIS EXCELLENCY"

Residents and visitors being presented to Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, when he visited the State of Patiala. The Maharaja of Patiala, who is an Hon. Major-General in the British Army, served with distinction in the Great War

able sufficiency," and provided handsomely also for Mr. Clare Vyner who assumed that name instead of his patronymic of Compton when he was eighteen. Not so very long ago he bought Studley Royal, the late Lord Ripon's great house in Yorkshire.

All the houses round about were filled with guests. Lord and Lady Leconfield had a big party at Petworth; Lord Woolavington had guests at Lavington Park; the Hon. Clive and Mrs. Pearson entertained at Parham, the old home of Lady Zouche, and at Cowdray Park, the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Pearson had their usual contingent of polo players.

Hay Wrightson

MRS. MICHAEL LAKIN

The wife of Major M. L. Lakin, D.S.O., M.C., M.F.H., and daughter of the late Lord Maurice FitzGerald. Her husband, who hunts the Wexford, was formerly in the 11th Hussars

The polo at Cowdray was made a feature of the Goodwood Week by Lord and Lady Cowdray before they handed that historic estate—from which Lord Cowdray takes his title—to their elder son. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson continue what is now a most pleasant and interesting institution.

Every day after the racing at Goodwood there is a polo match at Cowdray. The ground is excellent. People flock over in motors when the racing is over and are entertained to tea. The numbers seem to make no difference to the hospitality of the host and hostess of Cowdray.

A Change in Social Values

One feature of the Season which has just been tucked away comfortably to bed at the very moment when the authorities have introduced the new traffic - direction - by - lights arrangement, has been the number and the splendour of the entertainments given by foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. This is a new note in London diplomatic life.

Before the War London was always regarded as one of the most important posts in Europe from the international politics point of view, but it was never regarded as a capital where foreign representatives were called upon to do anything beyond the bare official entertaining. As an example, just consider the French Embassy under M. Cambon. It was but rarely that anybody was ever asked inside the door except for a gala dinner for a Presidential visit. Even the windows were scarcely ever cleaned, and the window curtains made the fingers of humble housewives passing through Knightsbridge on the tops of 'buses itch to plunge them into the wash-tub.

In pre-War days all the European Governments considered that Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, as it then was, called for special efforts in entertaining on the part of their diplomatic representatives. The entertainment allowance granted to the Ambassador of one Power in St. Petersburg was three times the amount granted to his fellow-countryman in London. And, again, the allowance of the Ambassador of that Power at St. James's was half of what was given to his fellows at Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

L.E.A.

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Marguerite McGusty, who is to marry Mr. David Plunket Greene. She is the daughter of Mrs. Arthur Bendir of Grosvenor Square

Bassano

MISS JOYCE JARVIS

Whose engagement to Mr. Charles J. L. Lyle only son of Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle, of Hawkwell Place, Pembury, was recently announced. She is the elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Jarvis, of Hascombe Court, Godalming

Leningrad, to give it its new name, Berlin and Vienna no longer have any social significance. In those capitals in the pre-War times diplomacy, perhaps, worked more effectually through social channels than through *pourparlers* with Foreign Ministers, whereas in London social influences rarely, if ever, affected diplomatic questions. At least that was the opinion of foreign diplomatists. They were doubtless justified of their observation; hence the comparatively small entertainment allowance for London.

Now, foreign Governments apparently take the opposite view and regard London from the social point of view as being even of more importance than Paris. You have only to look at the long list of entertainments given in Embassies and Ministries this Season to see the proof.

An Unappreciated Honour

A FRIEND of mine, who is keenly interested in the bird-life and the bird sanctuaries in Kensington Gardens and the Parks, some little time ago presented the authorities who preside over those pleasant places with several sittings of pheasants' eggs. The gift was accepted, gratefully.

This summer a hen-pheasant was discovered in the gardens of Buckingham Palace sitting on a nest of five eggs. The only possible explanation of her presence was that she was one of the results of my friend's gift, and had flown over from St. James's Park to deposit her eggs in the royal seclusion of the Palace gardens.

The King and Queen were so interested in the pheasant lady that they visited her nest almost daily. But the pheasant lady apparently resented this interest, for one day she went off in a huff and left the five eggs to manage as best they could. However, she must have thought things over and repented of her *lèse majesté*, because not so very long afterwards she was discovered in the Palace garden on another nest. These eggs she hatched, and has made no objection to the King and Queen feeding her little brood daily.

Keystone

FASHION NOTES FROM DEAUVILLE

A cheery party, dressed in the comfortable fashion which is a feature of Deauville, on their way to the *plage*. The town is already filling up for the short but brilliant season

Topical

THE VERY MEAN TEMPERATURE

The above photograph does *not* represent spectators watching a football match last January. As a matter of fact, it shows Mrs. Jack Harrison, Mr. George Evans, M.F.H., and the Hon. L. Bathurst, M.F.H., doing their best to brave a real English summer's day whilst watching the polo in Cowdray Park

Laleham House

FOR over a hundred years my Lords Lucan have owned Laleham House near Staines, the big Georgian house with a portico which you see from the river. Now, like so many other houses, it is to be sold. Frankly, the old amenities of that part of the river have departed, and with the departure of those amenities such houses as Laleham lose their charm. Seeing the possibilities of "development" in the shape of bungalows and small riverside houses on the long river frontage of the sixty-four acres which go with the house, I should think the property would be snapped up at once and be cut up into building sites before Christmas.

The house with its finely proportioned rooms is another proposition. Perhaps it will be converted into a club for the bungalow dwellers, or into an hotel.

Lady Lucan is a sister of Captain Spender-Clay who married Lord Astor's sister.

A Veteran Diana

THE French Republic paid a charming compliment to a member of two of the old ducal families of the *ancien régime*, when, recently, it appointed the Dowager Duchess d'Uzés to be *Lieutenant de Louveterie* for the Forest of Rambouillet.

The post is no sinecure since wolves still are found in that region. The Duchess, who is seventy-nine, took the oath to keep down and destroy wolves with all due solemnity at the Civil Court of Rambouillet. For this purpose she will have to keep a pack of hounds, but that will only add to the delight of her life, for she has had staghounds for the last I don't know how many years. Her new office gives the Duchess the right to hunt wild boars twice a month.

In pre-War days the meets of d'Uzés' staghounds had all the picturesqueness of the eighteenth century. Everybody

W. Dennis Moss

MR. H. A. TIARKS, M.F.H., AND MISS B. HODGES

WITH THE YOUNGSTERS

A camera couple from the Beaufort Hunt Puppy Show

W. Dennis Moss

MR. NELL (left), THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, MR. C. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H., AND COLONEL J. C. BRINTON, D.S.O.

wore the d'Uzés' colours, scarlet and blue, braided with gold and silver, and there were all sorts of quaint old observances and customs.

Frenchwomen of the Duchess's generation were very rarely so interested in hunting that they ran their own pack and acted as their own Master. In fact, I believe, she is the only Frenchwoman who has ever done so in recent times. Her grandson, the Duke de Crussol, married the daughter of Mr. John Gordon, a very rich South American financier, whose wife used to give wonderful parties at their flat in South Audley Street.

LORD RUTHVEN

The Dowager Duchess of Uzés was married fifty-nine years ago.

What the Lady Said

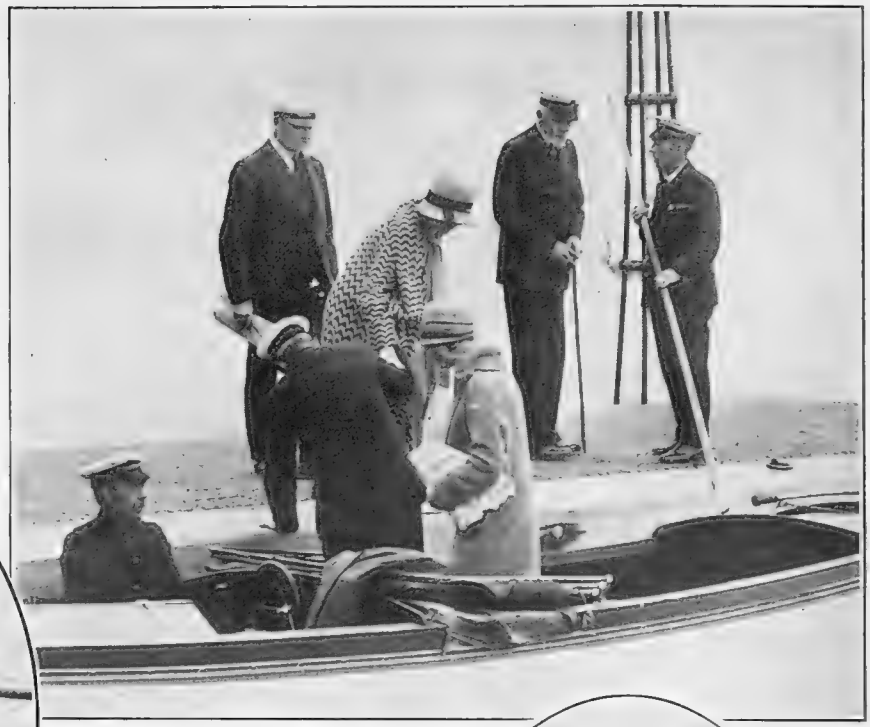
If the Earl of Altamont's title did not date back to 1771 I should always have believed that Lord Beaconsfield had invented it in one of his novels. It smacks so strongly of "Dizzy." And Ouida could have invented it, too. But its present holder—it is the courtesy title of the eldest son of the Marquis of Sligo—is not at all suggestive of a Disraeli or Ouida hero. He is a very keen soldier, and has just gone back to India to rejoin his regiment after a few weeks leave with his family.

When Lord Sligo was Lord Altamont he was one of our leading amateur actors, but since he succeeded to the marquisate a year before the War he has not appeared upon the amateur stage.

Lord and Lady Sligo have just gone to Ardgour in Argyllshire, which they have rented from Major Alexander Maclean for the shooting and fishing. Like most old Highland families there are endless stories about the Macleans, but I think the pleasantest is that of an ancestor of Major Maclean, which brought an alliance with Lord Linlithgow's family.

A brother officer of this ancestor was madly in love with a Lady Margaret Hope. But he was shy, bashful and tongue-tied in the presence of the lady. So he asked Maclean of Ardgour to explain the state of his feelings towards her. Maclean did this so eloquently that Lady Margaret, with true Scottish "pawkiness," said that if he had used the same eloquence on his own behalf she could not say what answer she would have made.

Although a nod may be as good as a wink to a blind horse that Maclean of Ardgour was not blind. He married the lady, and his timid brother-officer, like Lord Ullin in Scott's ballad, was "left lamenting."



LORD TWEEDMOUTH, MRS. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, MRS. CARR AND THE DUKE OF LEEDS

BY THE SOLENT

Some of those who have been enjoying a life on—or by—the ocean wave at Cowes. The Regatta has lost none of its popularity with Society

LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU AND MISS LODER

Photographs *Central Press*

LORD INCHCAPE WITH A FRIEND

Ingratitude and the Franc

The French are a delightful people, and they know how to run restaurants and hotels better than any other nation in Europe. And *au fond* they are logical, possessing common-sense and understanding to a very much greater extent than we Britishers possess them. Yet, when the value of the franc goes down and down, instead of seeking the actual cause—their politicians—their logic and

I.N.A.

LUNCH AL FRESCO

One of the luncheon parties which "bivouacked" among the cars at the Goodwood meeting. It includes, on the left, Mr. Weber Brown (standing) and the Hon. Thomas Frankland, Mr. Tarliton, the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer and Mr. Prior-Palmer. On the right are Baroness Zouche (facing the camera), Sir Frederick Frankland, Mrs. Williams and the Hon. Roger Frankland

common-sense fly out of the window and they accuse the English and Americans as being the deliberate agents in the *abaissement* of the franc.

This is not a pleasant story. Unhappily it is true. For several years past an English lady has lived in a little town in Touraine. She lived there because she liked the people and the climate suited her health. Her charity, her ceaseless kindness and help in all the troubles and difficulties that were often brought to her notice made her much beloved. Yet, during the recent crisis over the fall of the franc she and her maid were set upon by a crowd of angry women and men one morning when they were marketing. Before the police could get to their rescue they were so pushed about and buffeted that the lady fainted.

Needless to say, the lady has left the little town in Touraine and will never return. It certainly does seem an odd mentality that will lead people to attack a harmless woman who has been good to them simply because she is English and their national finances are in a state of chaos.

A Shy Fish

TOWARDS the end of every July a solemn ceremony takes place at Lochmaben in Dumfries-shire when the Vendace Club nets the waters of Castle Loch, a beautiful sheet of water a mile long by three-quarters of a mile broad, which belongs to Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine of Castle Milk and Mr. Johnstone of Halleaths.

The vendace is a rare and delicate-fleshed fish, which is said to have been introduced into Scotland from France by Mary Queen of Scots. But it refuses all lure of bait or fly, hence the annual netting of the loch. At the end of the day the Vendace Club, which consists of residents in Dumfries-shire, sits itself down to a dinner in which the results of the day's sport is the principal feature.

On a spur of land running out into Castle Loch are the ruins of Bruce's castle, and near by are four villages whose inhabitants are called the "King's kindly tenants." When Bruce became King of Scotland he handed over the land on which the villages are built to his servants, many of whose descendants still live there.

Sport and General

IN THE PADDOCK

Lady Rachel Howard walking with a friend in the paddock at Goodwood. One of the surprises of the meeting was the victory of Perhaps So in the Stewards' Cup

Is it Only a Rumour ?

SOME little time ago King Boris of Bulgaria confided to a friend, "I am most unhappy. I dream of having a wife and a cottage somewhere amid my flowers, but instead I am constantly menaced. My people are fighting amongst themselves." It was thought that the young King, a pathetically lonely figure, did not consider it fair to ask any Princess to share his uncertain throne, but if a report from Sofia is true, we shall soon hear of his betrothal to Princess Giovanna, the youngest of the three daughters of the King of Italy.

The Princess's two elder sisters are married—Princess Yolanda to Count Calvi di Bergolo, an Italian cavalry officer with whom she fell in love at the Horse Show at Olympia; and Princess Mafalda to Prince Charles of Hesse. If the engagement is an actual fact the Italian newspapers will be deprived of their continually recurring story of Princess Giovanna's engagement to the heir to the Belgian throne.

I.B.

THE KING CHATTING WITH LORD SEFTON

When he arrived on the course at Goodwood on the opening day. Behind His Majesty is Princess Mary

To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroads photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

With the Camera Far From the Madding Crowd

BESIDE THE POND

Mrs. Hubert Loder with her two children, Jean and David, in the garden of their Northamptonshire home, "The Gatehouse," Syresham, Brackley. Mrs. Loder is a niece of the Earl of Stradbroke

Photographs *Miss Compton Collier*

IN SUNNY SUSSEX

Lady Balfour, the wife of Sir Arthur Balfour, K.B.E., with two of her daughters, Evelyn and Primrose. The photograph was taken in the garden of "Ropes," their Sussex home at Fernhurst

AUGUST

By A. A. Thomson.

OH, to be out of London,
Now that August's here ;
Wind on the heath or spume on the sea
And sun in a sky that's clear.
For August is a goodly time
Up the land and down ;
Moors where the bramble-scent floats by,
Sea that mirrors an azure sky—
So long as you're out of town.

Oh, to be on the water—
The turquoise-tinted sea ;
"Cowes, and the world yachts with you"—
That's the motto for me.
Where maids are sweet and maids are fair
And men are lean and brown,
Wind-filled sails that swiftly heel ;
Spindrift flying from scudding keel—
Oh, joy to be out of town !

Oh, to be in Yorkshire—
(My heart was aye a rover)
The line of butts . . . the flying birds . . .
A voice that calls : " Mark over ! "
"How many brace ? " " A hefty bag . . . "
" Who fired into the brown ? "
Ought we now to drink a toast
To the wretched man who peppered his host ?
No, send him back to town.

No joy endures for ever,
Alas, my friends, alack.
Sea and moorland fade away ;
Grim toil doth call us back.
Golden gorse and silver wave
We sigh for ; then we'll frown.
Another sort of grouse there'll be :
A grouse from you and a grouse from me,
When we're back in town.

BACK TO WORK!

LEO CHENEY

Drawing by LEO. CHENEY

MISS-TAKEN

BY STAN TERRY

RETURNED WANDERER (*going over old acquaintances*): "What happened to that reckless idiot Charlie Lightfoot?"
FELLOW GUEST: "I married him!"

"DISTINGUISHED VILLA" AT THE LITTLE

Produced July 12, 1926

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

AN eminent critic once told me always to avoid the use of the word "clever" in describing unusual excellence; but I can think of no other adjective more fitting to this extremely depressing play. But, outside the story, which, as it were, cuts the rough diamond of commonplace into a gem of rare brilliancy, the acting is something that compels the highest admiration. We are given a lifelike picture of a mean home in Brixton inhabited by those horrid people who ape the refinements of life they cannot understand, and plume themselves, in consequence, on being superior to their neighbours. Miss Una O'Connor gives an extraordinarily able performance as Mrs. Hemworth, a creature whose vulgarity, both active and passive, is oppressively manifest throughout.

THE story opens on a Sunday afternoon in the Hemworths' sitting room, maintained in spotless cleanliness by the houseproud Mrs. Hemworth, who claims that her neighbours think so highly of her superior domestic qualities that they have asked her to rename her house "Distinguished Villa." Her husband, Natty, is so called, he alleges, because of his invariably neat appearance, which should, as a fact, give most people a pain to contemplate. But Natty's tastes are those of his wife, and she tells us that he knows how to dress well out of proper respect for herself. He is a well-meaning little man anxious to make his wife happy, but anxious also to try and snatch at least a fraction of happiness out of life for himself. Once in the deadly dull atmosphere of his surroundings he suggests that his wife should give him a kiss, and she recoils with horror from the suggestion that she could indulge in such levity on the Sabbath.

THEN there is Ethelberta — the playful name given by Natty to Miss Frances Llewellyn, the young lady lodger, who is a person of some culture, and a librarian by profession. Ethelberta looks upon the blatant vulgarity of the household with the eye of a philosopher and an absorbed student of sociology. She likes Natty in a detached sort of way. He is making such a brave fight to do his duty in the humdrum life he is compelled by his circumstances to lead, and she encourages him to talk about himself. This gives him the chance to register his protest against the awful sameness of his life. He and his neighbours go to the City every morning by the 8.45, all wearing the same kind of bowler hats, and reading the same newspapers, with the same gloomy outlook in the present, and the same hopelessness for the future. One gathers that they only want numbers instead of names to complete the Socialistic ideal of heaven upon earth.

ALEC (HENRY HEARE) SUGGESTS TO GWENDOLINE THAT SHE BLAMES JOHN MORRIS (WILLIAM STACK)

UNA O'CONNOR AS MABEL HEMWORTH

ETHELBERTA, who is a lady of liberal ideas and understanding, talks to the narrow-minded Mrs. Hemworth about her husband. Does he always live with this clockwork regularity? Does he never have a night out with the boys? Does he never get drunk? Mrs. Hemworth with difficulty conceals her horror at these terribly profane questions. She is sure that Natty is too well aware of the respect due to her and to his beautiful home to vary the established order of his life by a hair's-breadth. Mrs. Hemworth is, or affects to be, a chronic invalid, and she is gradually wearing herself out in the eternal round of what the soldiers call spit-and-polish. Her house is so spotlessly clean that on one occasion she sends her husband back into the hall to wipe his boots lest they should leave marks on her clean floors. She is a lady of very limited capacity for enjoying life, and cannot see that she is gradually driving her husband into madness by stifling every legitimate hope he may entertain of getting a little sunlight into his life now and again.

THE REAL THING *Stage Photo Co.*

Frances Llewellyn (Clare Harris), the lodger at "Distinguished Villa," and John Morris (William Stack) find that love can be as real in Brixton as anywhere else

ONE Saturday afternoon, after roaming in an aimless way about his wife's very tidy sitting room, Natty opens his heart to the gentle Ethelberta (a fine performance by Miss Clare Harris). He harps on the eternal drabness of his life, and on his wife's boast that after eleven years of married life they are happier than most couples who lived through the same period together. He moans aloud that there is no warrant for such a boast. He is living in hell, and sometimes he wonders whether his brain will not give way under the devilish torture of this sham "respectability." Then he walks in a dreamy way to the street door and wanders out without a hat. Under the influence of his brainstorm he wanders far, finally committing the heinous offence of staying away from home all night.

ON the following morning Mrs. Hemworth, in a state of suppressed excitement, affects to be dusting her room; but she cannot keep her eyes from the door. Presently Natty returns, unshaven and unclean, and the very thin veneer of Mrs. Hemworth's "refinement" falls from her like a discarded cuticle. She greets her husband with the snarl of a wild animal. Where has he been? What has he been doing? He tries to speak, but it is some time before she will hear him. He shall speak when she gives him leave to do so, and not before, since she knows what is due to her dignity and her social position. Finally Natty gets the floor, as it were, and the story he has to tell is one of sordid wretchedness. He wandered for a long time, and they told him, at two o'clock in the morning, that he was in Rotherhithe. He went to a coffee-stall for something to revive him, and a sympathetic young lady, seeing his fainting condition, offered him a drink of brandy which she produced from her pocket. So you can tell the kind of lady she was! Finally, as a culminating horror for the superior Mrs. Hemworth, Natty says she took him home and was kind to him. All this he tells in agonised tone, fully conscious of his guilt, yet somehow conveying the impression that he felt that for his soul's sake he had to break away from the terrible prison in which it had been confined for so long. His wife in reply spits out her anger and contempt in about equal parts, each to each. He shall not defile her by calling her by her Christian name. She will let him know when he is in future to approach her saintly presence—she whose superior manners and morals have been the pride of the street. And with a mocking, sneering laugh, devilish in its intensity, she goes out of the room and slams the door behind her. So Natty rushes into the kitchen and cuts his throat. There does not seem anything else for him to do.

THIS squalid story is broken here and there by a pleasant love scene between Ethelberta and John Morris (Mr. William Stack), a young man who has hitherto been engaged to Mrs. Hemworth's sister Gwen. Gwen wants to go to the "pictures" to see the great new film "The Lure of Lust." To a young lady with a partiality for shows of that kind anything may, of course, happen. And it does. She flirts with a young man whom she subsequently accuses as the father of her child; and when he denies the soft impeachment she fastens the blame on John Morris, who apparently recognises the charge as a possibility, at any rate. But the outstanding figures of the play are Mr. and Mrs. Hemworth. Mr. Ivor Barnard takes the part of Natty with a realism that is memorable. JINGLE.

BRIXTON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS *Stage Photo Co.*

Mabel Hemworth (Una O'Connor) and Natty Hemworth (Ivor Barnard) don garments of ceremony for an evening in Society. Their acting is one of the many distinguished things about the play

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"An infallible method of keeping cool"

Mes Amis—

A wondrously clever little story has just reached us from Vichy, best-known of the inland French watering-places where people go for more or less needed "cures," after indulgence in an excess of the pleasures of the "season." It is about a lady who was taking her bath and a housebreaker *très galant*. This lady was taking the bath in her hotel—they have Vichy water in all the hotels at Vichy, and it is just as good there for curing the ills it sets out to cure as anywhere else—and forgot to lock the door of her *chambre de coucher avec baignoise*, left it, in fact, ajar. A prowling thief, unable to overlook such an opportunity, walked right in, but at the first signs of distress shown by the lady said, "It's all right, I won't look." Just picking up the first piece of jewellery he saw, a bracelet worth three hundred pounds, he walked off, leaving the lady to the exclusive enjoyment of the Vichy water.

Now, some five hundred journalists have been under a professional necessity to broadcast that saucy little *histoire*, not only in France but in England, and the puritanical Middle West of the United States, where they love to read the shocking things that happen in decadent Europe. Most probably, in the versions sent to the journals which circulate in the Main Street home-towns, the heroine was nationalised into *une Américaine* to give "pep" to the yarn. You will realise, on reflection, that this very clever story, exceedingly clever in the matter of results, could just as well have been invented at Harrogate or Bath, Buxton or Tunbridge Wells, and they would have garnered all the benefits of the exceptional publicity. But the publicity agents of these resorts, equally endowed naturally, mostly content themselves with announcing that so many gallons of water gush from the earth in so many hours, a telegram in relation to which would cost any foreign correspondent his job. I would not encourage for a moment the slightest throb of jealousy against Vichy, but I do consider it is worth while emphasising that its publicity agent is worth watching by those in search of a few hints of *mondain* advertising.

Some of the French are becoming really brilliant in the more subtle forms of "boosting." Look at the example of Mlle. Rahna, inevitably and justifiably described as *la jolie Rahna*. The heat-wave having provided an opportunity, Mlle. Rahna, who is as agile-minded as she is agile-limbed in her dances, informs the world through a convenient interviewer that she has discovered an infallible method of keeping cool even at ninety in the shade "I walk about my room on my hands and the heat goes from my head to my feet. Then I reverse, keeping always one move ahead of the heat." When you have finished puzzling out whether the statics or the dynamics of this reversal of equilibrium are really in accordance with the Einstein theory, you have decided to go to see Rahna in *"Un gas du milieu." Et voilà!*

"No No Nanette," which has fairly successfully survived the violent offensive of the Paris critics, has provided the basis for the cleverest pun in *revue* titles which Paris has enjoyed this year, in "Nu, Nu, Nunette," at the Concert Mayol, the music-hall at which many innocent, musically inclined tourists waste thirty-franc notes in the expectation of hearing a concert. The Mayol troupe of well-balanced young

(Continued on page 256)

"A prowling thief . . . walked right in"

"They Played the Cat and Banjo"

G.P.A.

"LOS ENCLAS"

A study in black and white of Maddy and Carlos Encla, as they appear in the "Cats' Flirtation," one of their original dances. They have a big reputation in the Argentine, and are now on their first visit to Europe, having started with a short season in the Piccadilly Revels

"Coping with the torrid heat"

women do their best to live up to the title by illustrating attractive—in the magnetic sense—methods of coping with the torrid heat in such scenes as "The Bath of Venus." They even convert the "Sahara Desert" into what looks a very cool oasis of delights by an effective shedding of the superfluous.

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'Le Cœur et le . . . Reste," which has just been revived at the Théâtre Antoine, is sufficiently old to be quite new to this generation, and promises to be as successful as it was with the last generation but one. Peculiarly enough, one of the incidental characters is much more topical in its appeal to present-day Parisian sentiment than it could have been when the play was produced. The play concerns a married couple who are *dans la purée* when news arrives that the wife's aunt, a man-hater, has left all her fortune to Line provided she has no husband. The usual opportune, or inopportune, friend, who has for a while had his eye on Line insists that they are *sur le velours,* for they have merely to divorce and the *héritage* is theirs. Line thinks this rather fine at first, while André, her husband, is somewhat dubious, but feeling lists the other way when the *ami* Decoq offers his *jeune et jolie maîtresse* for the necessary *flagrant délit.* Jealousy triumphing, Line intrudes on the *flagrant délit,* and pushes out the *maîtresse* Nichette, so that when the *commissaire* and the witnesses arrive it is husband and wife they find, and the plot seems to have been spoiled till Line determines to pass herself off as Nichette and gets away with it, for the financial, as well as the moral, benefit of the family. The incidental character alluded to is *une Américaine,* who wants the "emotion" of being present at a real *flagrant délit,* and brings a kodak to take a snap, a study that appeals perfectly to Parisians in their present antagonism to *les transatlantiques.*

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Our newest *petite pièce,* "Dollars," at the Comédie Caumartin, almost converts one to the view of a lot of theatre managers that the *naïves* among the public are far more numerous even than the partially intelligent, and that you can always collect sufficient audiences to laugh at inanities and improbabilities, even hoary inanities and venerable improbabilities, providing you get off to a good start by one means or another. Possibly the title is in this case regarded as the good start, for if there is one topical interest at this time it is dollars. And in placing the very limited "adventures" at Deauville, another helpful aid has been utilised, for there are lots of people in the suburbs who pass on, as a form of recommendation, "It's all about Deauville, *ma chère—et quel luxe.*" But when you come to the plot, it is that wonderfully new and original story of the niece (supposed to be a *petite oie blanche,* but being anything else you like except that) who is to receive a first visit from a wealthy uncle of America, and, fearing to lose the inheritance, persuades a friend of her schooldays, who is what she is not, to impersonate her, with a consequent mix-up that would certainly be dissipated by one word from any modern *jeune fille.*

When news arrives"

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Still, as suggested, the producers have not miscalculated in estimating that there is a public to whom this story either is new and original or, if familiar, is none the less enjoyable, for the audiences are still rolling up. René.

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THIS

"COME ABOARD, SIR!"

WHEN THE BREEZE

An impression of the Royal Yacht "Britannia" off the old castle at Cowes. The artist

BREEZE FRESHENS

The artist has shown "Britannia" in her new rig, of which great things are expected

SUNSHINE AND SPRAY IN THE SOLENT

BY G. FITZGERALD

Other People's Pleasures

THE COMPANY AT COWES

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrated by* ARTHUR WATTS

IT is at this time of year that one reads in the newspapers momentous announcements such as these: "This weather is making people think enviously of Cowes and the breezes of the Solent. A number of Society people (*i.e.*, the Company. Please note the capital S) are there already, I hear." . . . He did not "hear" anything of the kind. He just sat down in the News Room, between the first and second editions, and wrote it, knowing that nobody—not even his hated Editor—would contradict him. Then he goes on, getting really into his stride: "The roadstead itself has been gay with the flutter of white wings for some time, and it is remarkable how many women this year (and last year, and the year before) are taking keenly to yachting, and sailing their own vessels. Mrs. Oojah-Snice is steering 'Fifinella,' and Mrs. Lovemie-Lyttle will be racing her auxiliary ketch, 'Heart's Breath.' It is rumoured (here the reader should clutch the news sheets tensely) that Mrs. Sam K. Cents, from U.S.A., has bought the schooner 'Sterlingworth' from his Highness the Rajah of Orkney and Shetland. Her daughter, of course, will be steering her own sixteen-metre yacht, 'Comehither.'"

Charming to be able to read these picturesque paragraphs when on your way, in a third smoker, to Blackpool, as so many of us do. But more amusing still, of course, to get among the company at Cowes (return ticket for two months 25s., *including* the sumptuous vessel of the Southern Railway that takes you down the "sparkling waters" of the Solent), and study the matter on the spot.

The expenses of the Cowes week can be graded in classes, just like the yachts are. Starting at the awesome top of the financial ladder there is the 700-ton "Grecian Nymph," lying at her stately mooring in the "roadstead" (you *must* remember this word if you wish to be technically correct), on time charter to Sir Bastian Barone, K.B.E., D.L. A graceful sight—the yacht, not old Bast. He has worked out, at least one of his spectacled secretaries has, that she cost him £180 per diem for the period of the charter, "and well worth it, m'boy, take it from me. I did a lot o' business on 'er last year, one way and another." A little further down the—but I need not repeat the word—there rocks gently "Thamar," the smaller and more modest mine-layer (converted to highly civilised uses) belonging to that genial sportsman, Bill Nottingdale. There are some very lovely ladies on board by the look of things. I don't know what "Thamar" costs Bill. He will never tell me.

"Swank quietly but firmly about the Esplanade"

Then there are the racing yachts themselves. The "fluttering white wings," as our *littérateurs* call them, which blot out seven-tenths of the immediate sky when you are lying athwart them in a ship's dinghy. Grave, silent gentlemen crouch in these. It does not matter what they pay for the Cowes week. They don't care two hoots in Houndsditch. All that concerns them and the couple of platoons of white satellites who lie about the deck on their—er—face downwards is to get their bowsprits round the Mark Buoy a second ahead of the fellow who owns and is sailing the yacht on their starboard (or right) side. These are the gallant gentlemen, and ladies, who are really *doing* things at Cowes. And while we deplore the strain upon their almost fathomless pockets we admire the gallantry that prompts the nautical battle, and feel acutely with them the poignancy of defeat when, having had great difficulty in catching an air at all, they drift across a couple of minutes after gunfire, and lose a cleverly fought race.

But it is a fallacy to suppose that the Cowes week need necessarily cost a small fortune. You can have an extraordinarily good time on three things, all comparatively cheap, especially if you have the courage to go and get them at the establishment of Fern et Fils. They are: (1) A yachting cap, with a Mark I badge; (2) a "D.B." (this means, in the trade, a double-breasted) blue serge coat; and (3) a pair of white shoes with tan markings. It is a fair to middling assumption that you have already got a pair of white flannel trousers somewhere. Armoured with these aids to social altitudes you can then swank quietly but firmly about the Esplanade, being with the Company, though not of them. You should exercise care, however, about this badge business, or there may be unexpected pitfalls. Like the one I saw a man encounter last year. He wore an enamelled badge and the kit above described. He leaned nonchalantly back to sea, on the railings opposite the Royal London, and was admired of most women.

Said a cynical N.O. who had moored himself alongside me, leaning over to port in a thirst for knowledge:

"I say, do you mind telling me what that club badge of yours is?"

To which our Breaker of Hearts replied: "Damned if I know. But it's all right, isn't it?"

THWARTING NATURE

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Heading by CUNINGHAM

"MONSTROUS!" ejaculated the fisherman on the pier.

"Oh, where?" I exclaimed, looking over the side.

"Listen to this," said the fisherman. He read aloud from his newspaper, as the fishermen on this pier simply must have something to occupy them when they are fishing. "'To protect the skin,' said a member of the staff of a West End beauty saloon, 'a waterproof powder is applied. This prevents sunburn and, when bathing, the sea-water will not remove the powder.'"

"Oh, dear me," said I.

"Is that all you've got to say about such an abomination?"

"Yes. Oh, dear, me . . . as they say in the Navy."

"What the devil are the women coming to, sir? You can't see their faces for powder and paint when they're on dry land. Now they're going to be made-up in wet water."

"All water is wet."

"If you can say dry land, sir, you can say wet water. By Jove, that's what they'll be inventing next. Water that isn't wet. Waterproof water. Bathe in it and keep your costume dry. Ha, ha, ha!"

When he had finished laughing I tapped him on the chest and asked him a question.

"Why are you wearing a silk shirt?"

"Because it is a hot day."

"For the same reason you have your sleeves rolled up and wear a panama hat. How much more logical are you than the girl who uses waterproof powder? You wish to avoid the natural effect of the rays of the sun. She wishes to avoid the natural effect of the wetness of the water. You want to be cool when it is hot. She wants to be dry when it is wet."

"Look here! Do you defend such a vile vanity as face-powder for bathing?"

"I don't defend it, but I recognise it as an inevitable development of that unnatural existence which is called civilisation. When you were a baby you were put on the floor. What did you do? You crawled. It is natural for us to crawl. But you were not allowed to crawl for long. You were taught to walk—an unnatural habit."

"Crawling isn't right for humans. Can't be. How could one serve at lawn tennis?"

"Take this matter of clothing. Nature may not have meant us to go naked, because she provided us with the raw material for clothes. But that men should wear a uniform designed completely to obliterate the body underneath is an outrage. Do you dare to tell me that the masculine leg needs the trouser, that the masculine neck needs the collar, or that the masculine head needs the bowler hat? Certainly some clothing should be worn, but for a man to hide himself from the eyes of his fellows as you and I do now is at least as bad as for a woman to hide her real complexion when she is bathing."

"You're mixing up vanity and modesty. I believe in the trouser. What do you get if you don't wear it? Zulus and aborigines and things. Pah!"

"Consider the fact of the cooking of food. I'm certain that when meat was first roasted by one cave-man, another talked just as you have been talking. 'What the devil are we coming to now?' I expect he said to his wife. 'Here are the Joneses in the next cave burning their bison in the fire to give it a different flavour. Isn't the flavour that Nature gave it good enough? Next they will be giving up meat altogether and eating vegetables. Ha, ha, ha!'"

"Didn't Nature give us fire? If I catch a fish, have I got to eat it raw?"

"You are asking me to waste my time over a contingency that will never arise. Nature did give us fire, but clearly only for destructive or metal-working purposes. If Nature designed that we should eat cooked meats, *entrecôtes* and cutlets in frills would browse in our fields and it would be possible for you to catch a sole Morny. A field of chip potatoes would be a common sight, and baked apples would hang in every orchard."

"What a horrible idea!"

"Yes, baked apples are good eating, but I never can get past the look of them. Now if it be right to distort the appearance of a beautiful apple by cooking it, how can it be wrong for a woman to distort a beautiful face with powder in or out of the water?"

"You don't bake beautiful apples. You only bake cooking apples."

"Consider the grape. How many grapes do you eat in a year. Perhaps none. But you swallow large quantities of the juice fermented. Isn't that an affront to Nature? Consider your face."

"Oh, come, come. Let's keep friends."

"It ought to be covered with hair. Nature provided that the masculine countenance should be concealed behind undergrowth because of its terrifying effect on certain animals. Why are rabbits timid? Because you shave. You scrape off. Woman scrapes on. What's the difference?"

"But what would my brother do if we stopped shaving?"

"Your brother! How the dickens does he come into it?"

"He's got a factory for making pencil-sharpeners out of old safety-razor blades."

"Before a man can sneer at a woman for using waterproof powder he must give up hair-oil. I'm not sure that he can wear spectacles logically. The woman uses the powder to remedy what she conceives to be a defect, and that is why men wear glasses. Why, man, if your view was correct, none of us would be justified in going to the dentist. Nature deprives us of our teeth, and we get artificial ones. Nature robs the woman of that schoolgirl complexion, and she buys a new one at a shop."

"Let her. The whole point is that I object to her trying to take it into the sea with her. Water is meant to wet and wash, and it is monstrously unnatural to try to thwart those purposes. If she wants to go in the sea and at the same time keep her powder dry, let her wear a diving suit. Come and have a drink."

"Now I've got you. This girl wants to keep dry outside when she's in the water, and here are we wanting to get wet inside when we're out of the water. Fifty-fifty, isn't it?"

In the Limelight

Dorothy Wilding

Pamela Orme, who is shortly going on tour in "The Best People," the bright comedy that is enjoying such a successful run at the Lyric. The daughter of Kathleen Viscountess Falmouth, Miss Orme has been understudying Nora Swinburne in the West End production

Round in Seven with the

Central News

ROYALTY WITH THE CADETS

The Duke of Connaught inspecting the Imperial Service College O.T.C. at Windsor. He also laid the foundation stone of a Memorial Gateway to Mr. F. E. McCormick-Goodhart

Alfieri

READY FOR THE RING

Miss E. Senior on Game Hen at the Yorkshire Agricultural and Hound Show, which was held recently at Harrogate. Game Hen took first prize in its class for hunters

Special Press

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY

Lord Allenby presented the prizes at Stowe School Sports, which took place recently. The photograph shows S. A. Aylmer, Captain of Chandos House, receiving the Laurus Cup for the "Inter House" Competition

Topical

A ROYAL GREETING

Princess Mary inspecting the Voluntoor Aid Detachment at the recent annual Red Cross demonstration at Northallerton. The photograph shows one of the District Commandants being presented to Her Royal Highness

Camera in Town and Country

British Illus.

A NORTH LONDON GARDEN FÊTE

The Duchess of Sutherland opening the Garden Fête held in aid of the Great Northern Hospital at West Hill, Highgate, the residence of Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield. Sir Arthur Crosfield is seen with the Duchess

Sport and General

A CHAMPION PUNTER

E. H Giles, who retained his title of Amateur Punting Champion at the Thames Punting Club Regatta at Shepperton. This event was in no way connected with horse-racing!

Topical

WINNERS ON THE RANGE

The Marple Rifle Club team which won the Earl Egerton Challenge Cup at the Annual Prize Meeting of the Cheshire Rifle Association at the Appleton Rifle Range. The team consisted of (standing), C. E. Burgess (left) and H. Halsall, and C. E. Burgess, Sen. (left, seated) and H. W. Sims, who also won the Individual Merit Championship and the Grove Challenge Cup

By W. Lindsay Cable

SHINGLE FILE!

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is stated that Mr. J. H. Thomas is gradually losing the confidence of the railwaymen. There was another instance of "doubting Thomas" many centuries ago.

. . . . . .

It is now authoritatively declared that plants can feel. What must a spinach feel when it gets a "cauliflower" ear?

. . . . . .

We should like the name of the miscreant who declared that onions were the beetroot of all evil.

. . . . . .

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's yacht, we understand, recently went aground. It is denied, however, that the owner was ever on the rocks.

. . . . . .

A North of London organist is said to be an expert tight-rope walker. He should certainly know the difference between a slack wire and a slack choir.

Americans apply to a pretty girl the phrase "a good-looker." They reserve "filthy lucre" for a totally different object.

. . . . . .

To-day's bright thought: — What should be done to those Communists who are willing to wound and yet afraid to strike?

We are hazarding a guess as to the result of the final Test Match. It will be watered and drawn!

. . . . . .

Prince von Bülow is said to be preparing a volume of reminiscences. It seems such a little time ago when we were saying, "We want but little, Herr Bülow."

. . . . . .

Still another scientist declares that fish can think. It would therefore appear that the shrimp could work out the problems of the sole, and that the trout should be put upon an intellectual perch. But, by our halibut! we believe it's only cod.

. . . . . .

"My wife insisted on going to Harrogate, but I determined to go to Falmouth."

"Well, what happened?"

"Oh! we compromised and went to Harrogate."

. . . . . .

Many people say they can remember who they were in a previous existence. Some say they were mustard when they fought at Crécy.

. . . . . .

An actress (not of our acquaintance) recently received a bouquet and a note which concluded, "And when you went off I was the one who clapped."

. . . . . .

A Berlin doctor says that pig's flesh is injurious to health. But surely it is an axiom that we can get muscle from "brawn." On the whole we consider that the doctor's dictum is simply "gammon."

. . . . . .

One who is never appreciated:—The tennis player who pays back-handed compliments.

(Continued on page 270)

By K. Moran

AN INFORMATIVE DOUBLE

Festive Diner: "S'hay ol' thing—if you want to be amused, just watch this comic couple at s'next table!"

By Bertram Prance

"LINKS OF SWEETNESS"

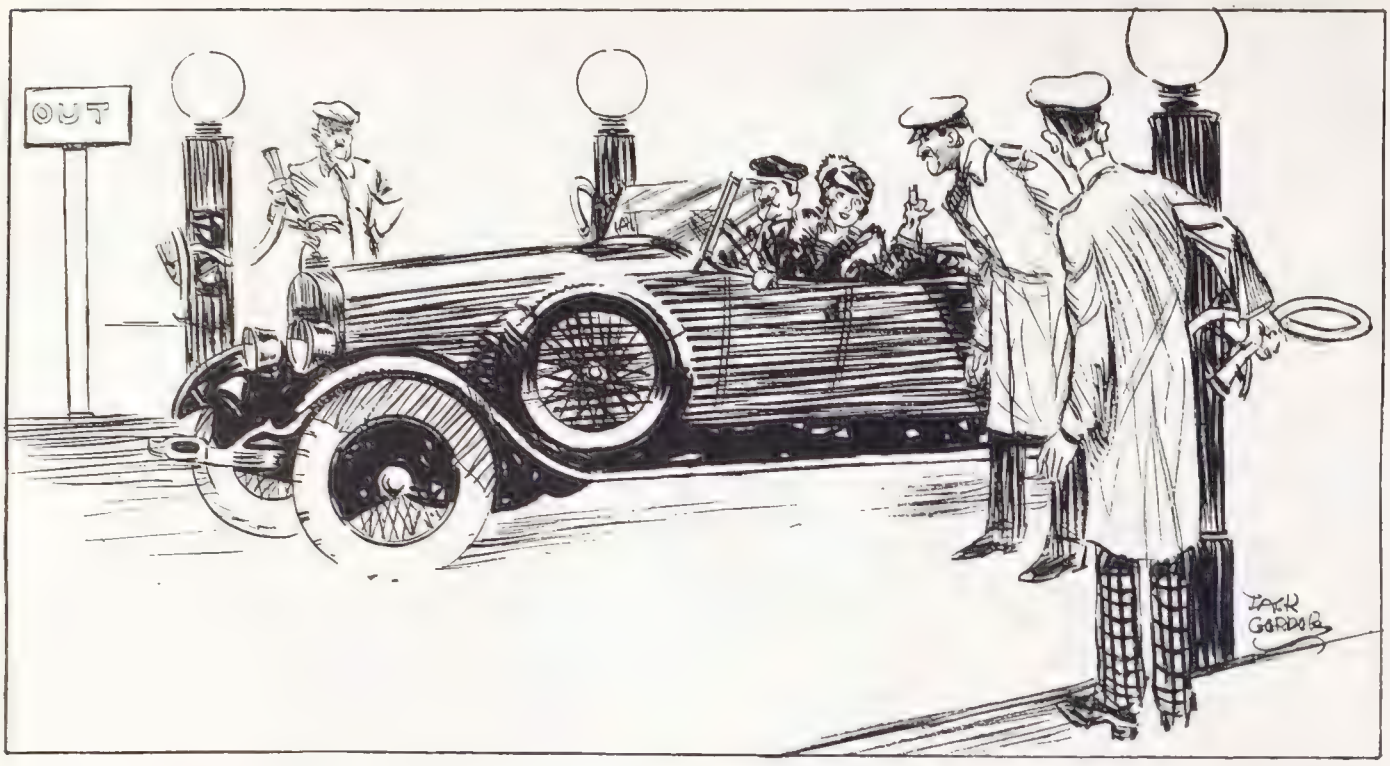
"Don't you find Mrs. Vere de Bullion a bit snobbish?"

"Oh, I don't know—she's rather sweet to me every time I'm introduced to her!"

By Jack R. Wilhelm

THIS YOUNG OLD AGE

The Ancient: "Now I'm telling you. If you keep goin' round these night-clubs, and drinkin' wine, and smokin' cigarettes . . . you're goin' to ruin your health and get aged in a hurry—and when you're my age you'll be an old woman!"



By Jack Gordge

A LIGHT REQUEST

Fair Owner: "No, I've got plenty of petrol in the car, thanks, but I wonder if you would mind filling my cigarette lighter?"

By Fred Buchanan

SUMMER SAILS

He (arranging return passage to East after leave): "But, dear, we've spent such a deuce of a lot of money since we've been home that we simply can't afford a deck cabin for the return."

She: "Well, I shall simply hate the trip back down in the bargain basement."

A STUDY.

She was no dainty, dinky, débutante,
Sprung from a lordly line of proud patricians;
She was but one of those itinerant
Musicians
Who love to plant one foot upon the curb,
And then proceed to play, or maybe chortle,
Drear ditties in the front of some suburb—
An portal.

Heavily veiled was she; her mien seemed sad;
Her limbs, I saw, were neither slim nor supple;
And from a lurch she gave, I guessed she'd had
A couple!
And yet, though I dislike my being "touched"
By mendicants who'll "sting" you like a hornet,
I paused and watched her as she fondly clutched
A cornet.

She raised it to her lips and gazed around,
As though some spiritual aid she needed,
Yet from that instrument no single sound
Proceeded.

I stood as motionless at Streatham Hill,
As we are told the moon did o'er Ajàlon,
And watched her strive to play it while she'd still
Her veil on!

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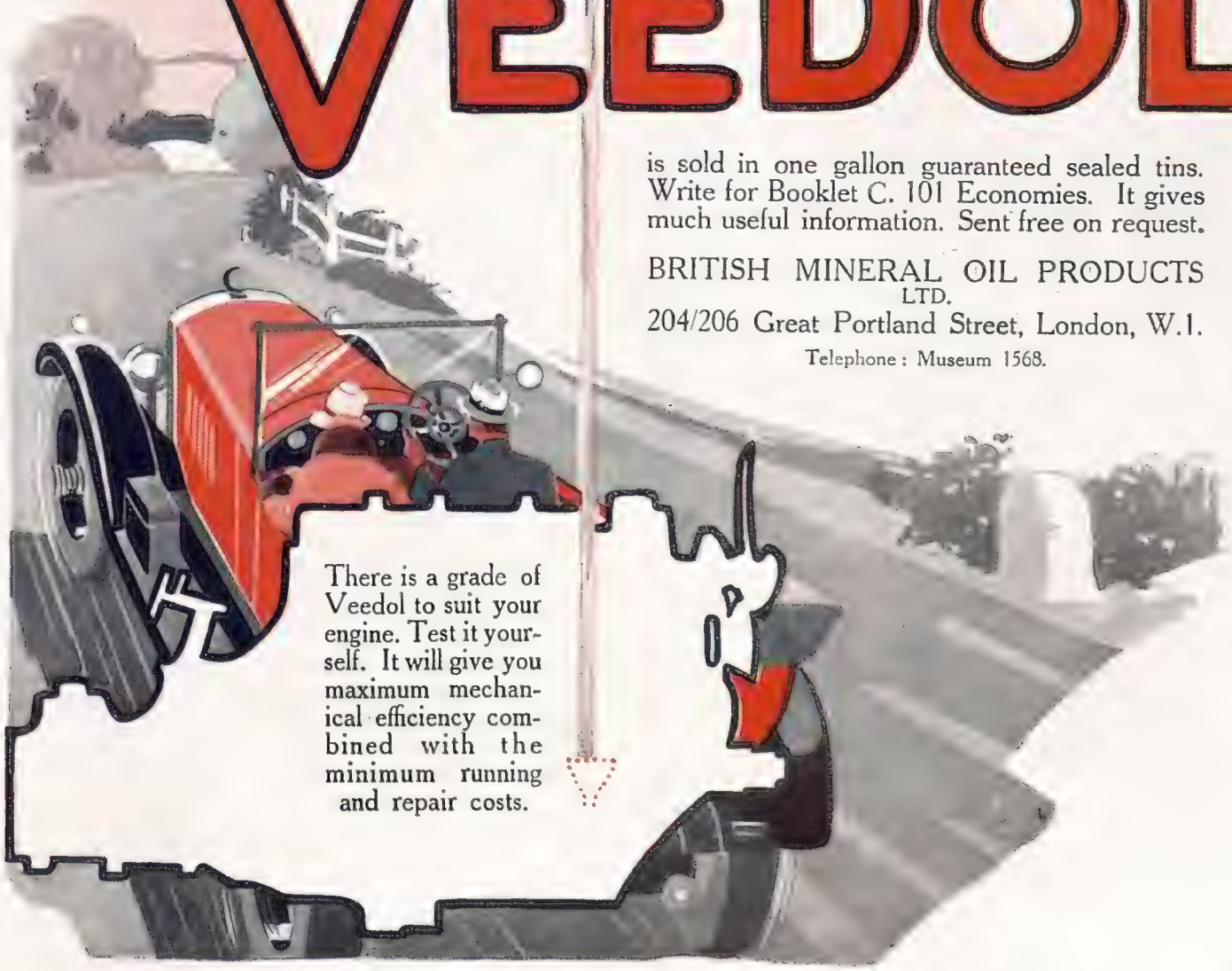

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C.F.H.

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C.F.H.

TWELVE YEARS AGO

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *August 2.*

DEAR COUSIN—

WHEN you get this it'll be the Fourth of August. The Fourth . . . Eton has its Fourth of June and America its Fourth of July. And I sometimes wonder if all England always remembers her Fourth of August, which, after all, matters almost as much, if not, possibly, even more, quite so altogether faithfully and well?

PERHAPS we do really. We are a silent people, rather, we English, about the things that mean most. We can get so tremendously excited about trifles, like whether Mr. Epstein's Rima's really fit for publication, or if Test Matches ought to last four days instead of three, and the relative merits of Russian Ballet and "The Ringer." But when it comes to big things like life, death and love, we are so singularly reticent we can hardly utter the barest syllable even in private, not to mention public—that's to say, unless we are poets. Wherefore, perhaps, once more, and not for the first time, one ought to say . . . thank G. for the poets.

SOMETIMES I wonder, I must confess, why people don't read poets more. Some people, I really do believe, think that they're fearfully highbrow persons always hunting for the obscurest thing in language and the most elaborate possible in rhymes. Whereas, as a matter of fact, all the poet persons *I've* met are also the simplest. They're mostly very poor—because, of course, or, at any rate, so it seems, you don't even get any money out of poetry—and so they don't write about super-Rolls-Royces or 100-guinea frocks, or ducal town houses with marble stairs and an old Master in every bathroom, but just the little, simple, big things that even more, perhaps, interest you and me.

THAT'S partly why, I suppose, poets were so particularly *à propos* in this Great War that started, to the general astonishment, just a dozen years ago. Rather rose to the occasion they did, in fact, as, for instance, in those immortal words about her—

Happy is England in the brave that die
For wrongs not hers, and wrongs so sternly hers . . .

And there were these words, too, of Rupert Brooke's, that have been said so often and yet ever deserve to live for their quality of immortality—

If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

LOVELY words—and the poet who wrote them died for them, too, and has a corner of his own in a foreign field that is for ever England. For him there are many to-day that mourn, and still it hurts to think of all the dear men who gave their lives for us, and

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly and spent
Their lives for us, loved too the sun and rain?

But after all, now, after all these years, the blow has been softened from stabbing sorrow to a soft and proud remembrance:

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.

"A chance to look sweetly nautical"

Does England remember her Fourth?

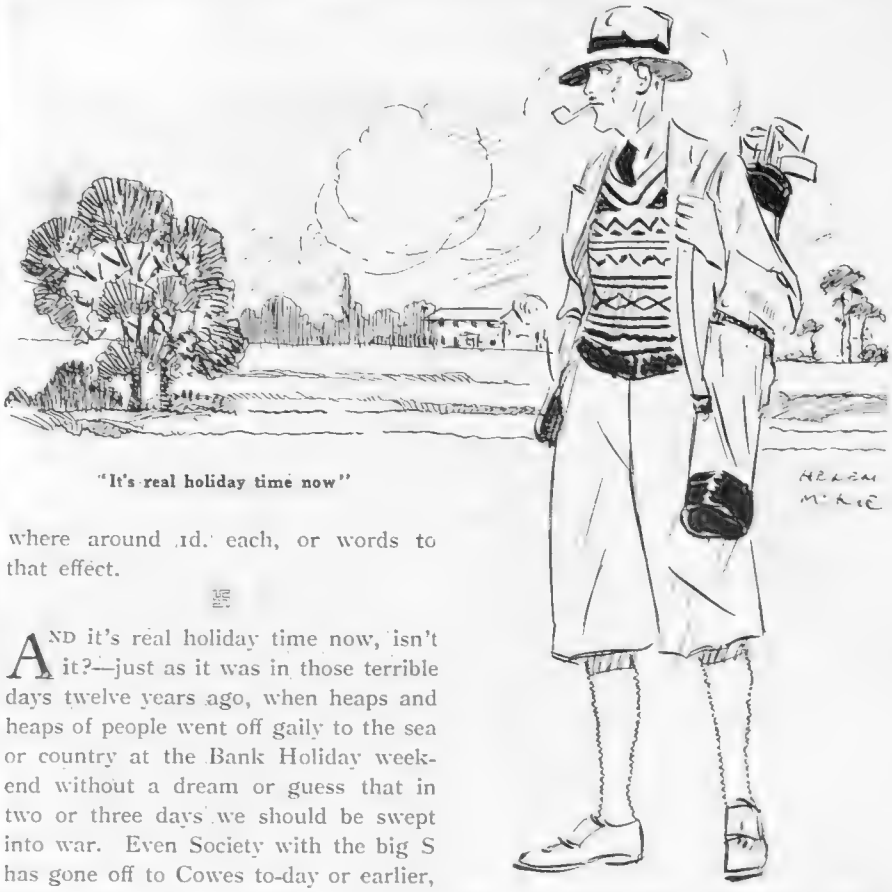
And, as the same poet said in another mood, which I confess always moves me even more—

They poured their spirits out in pride,
They throbbed away the price of years;
Now that dear ground is glorified
With dreams, with tears.

And especially, dear Cousin, I ask you to listen to this:—

A flower there is sown, to bud
And bloom beyond our loss and smart.
Noble France, as its root is blood
From England's heart.

IT'S true, you know. With blood from our very hearts, all that we loved dearest, all the gallant men who so bravely gave themselves to this war of unthinkable things, we watered this noble tree of France. A noble tree, really, still, I'm sure, spite of the way they seem to have been mobbing English people over there lately, just because *we* seem to have a bit more money when we're on holiday out there. And better, p'raps, for some of our travellers not to display their apparent wealth *quite* so openly or ostentatiously, even if francs are some-



"It's real holiday time now"

where around 1d. each, or words to that effect.

AND it's real holiday time now, isn't it?—just as it was in those terrible days twelve years ago, when heaps and heaps of people went off gaily to the sea or country at the Bank Holiday week-end without a dream or guess that in two or three days we should be swept into war. Even Society with the big S has gone off to Cowes to-day or earlier, where—well, can't imagine anything *much* duller than watching yachts you hardly know by sight sailing about for a dozen hours or so, and the one that comes in first never win even . . .

BUT there's always the famous R.Y.S. grounds—even more exclusive than Goodwood Enclosure—to have tea at, and any amount of parties and dances going around. *And* such a chance to look sweetly, not to say naughtily, nautical in the frocks of the moment that have their own particular *soupçon* of seafaring. Sort of pilots' jackets in bright navy blue being especially *it* this week, and very nice and becoming, too, or little short coats of a Yeo-ho-ish cut that have coloured borders and which you wear with a white jumper suit.

VERY last kick it'll be, you know, of the so-called Season, that's been, oh! such a very extra specially hectic one some ways, spite of the strike having very nearly done it in at the very first crack of the pistol, as you might say. Which, really, in the end, seems only to have made us work—I mean play—all the harder, and finished up, the whole show did, with a perfect burst of the fancy dress parties that have been the *par excellence* and final *furore* of the Season. At one of the very last of which *chez* a certain Duchess, one of the most intriguing figures of all was a little girl in white frock and sash, and socks, and bare knees that turned out finally to be none other than the—but hush!

EVEN our toil-worn M.P.s are off this Friday as ever is, poor jaded things, for a paltry little holiday that'll only leave 'em free till November or thereabouts. Strain of strenuous law-making having been so terrific just lately that some of the most eloquent chats in the House have been made to well-nigh empty benches—especially, oddly enough, on Fridays. But p'raps things'll get a bit better ere long, especially as we've just acquired yet another perfectly good woman M.P., Margaret Bondfield by name, who among other things was the first of her down-trodden sex that ever held office in a Government, even though that was only as a Parliamentary Sec.

"Our toil-worn M.P.'s"

BUT one day, before long, says at least one (male) prophet, we certainly shall see women as Cabinet Ministers, not to mention Judges of the High Court, and all that sort of thing. Very depressed about it all, too, he is—it's Mr. Anthony Ludovici, in his new book, "Woman: a Vindication"—and says gloomily that feminism's getting a positive menace to civilisation. Also adds that, side by side with the Ascendancy of Woman, there's happening same time a sad Degeneracy of Man.

Which reminds me they've actually been having "classes in fathercraft" for some welfare scheme or other, and someone's even been suggesting training for husbands—and, after all, why not? Always trying to teach *us* how to be wives and mothers (as if we needed any telling), whereas there's quite a lot of things some men's education's sadly neglected about . . . buying hats (for others) when required, for instance, and taking people out to supper and things and never yawning or wanting to go home about, say, 2 a.m.; when their better halves, official or otherwise, are dying to dance for hours and hours and hours on end . . .

NO longer *quite* the meek and milky maids and matrons, are we, of "twenty, thirty, forty years ago?" When, for instance, if you went on that great adventure of a bathe you entered coyly and secretively a monstrous machine on wheels that was forthwith towed well into the waves. So that none of the bold and whiskered nuts of the period should espy you as you shyly emerged down the well-hooded steps of your Ark, clad in some sort of black serge, mystic, wonderful, and clung femininely shrieking to a rope as the bathing-woman bobbed you up and down.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

Four Recent Weddings of Note

Topical

A RIVERSIDE WEDDING

Mr. C. O. B. Beale, D.S.O., and his bride, Miss Evelyn Gray, leaving Wargrave Parish Church after their wedding. The bride is a granddaughter of Sir John Murray, the famous publisher

G.P.U.

AT THE ORATORY

Mr. W. Sherbrooke Walker leaving Brompton Oratory with his bride, Lady Betty Feilding, after their wedding. The bride is the sixth daughter of the Earl of Denbigh

A WIMBLEDON WEDDING *I.B.*

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. G. Hope-Johnston photographed after their wedding at St. Mary's, Wimbledon, last week. Mrs. Hope-Johnston was formerly Miss Anna Gore-Langton, a grand-niece of the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S *L. N. A.*

Mr. J. E. Guthe, of Kepwick Hall, Northallerton, with his bride, Miss Mary Renwick, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage last week. The bride is the daughter of Sir Harry Renwick, K.B.E., and Lady Renwick

Glimpses of Summertime

Topical

AN EXHIBITION GAME

Mr. A. Ingold-Carr (left), Miss Peggy Saunders, Miss Evelyn Colyer and Mr. P. D. B. Spence, who gave an exhibition game at the Lewisham Lawn Tennis Association finals. The meeting was held in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham

Keystone

A VERY JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN

Thomas George Green, who won Doggett's Coat and Badge in the annual waterman's competition last week. He is the grandson of the famous Tom Green who won the race 54 years ago

W. A. Rouch

IN THE POLO WORLD

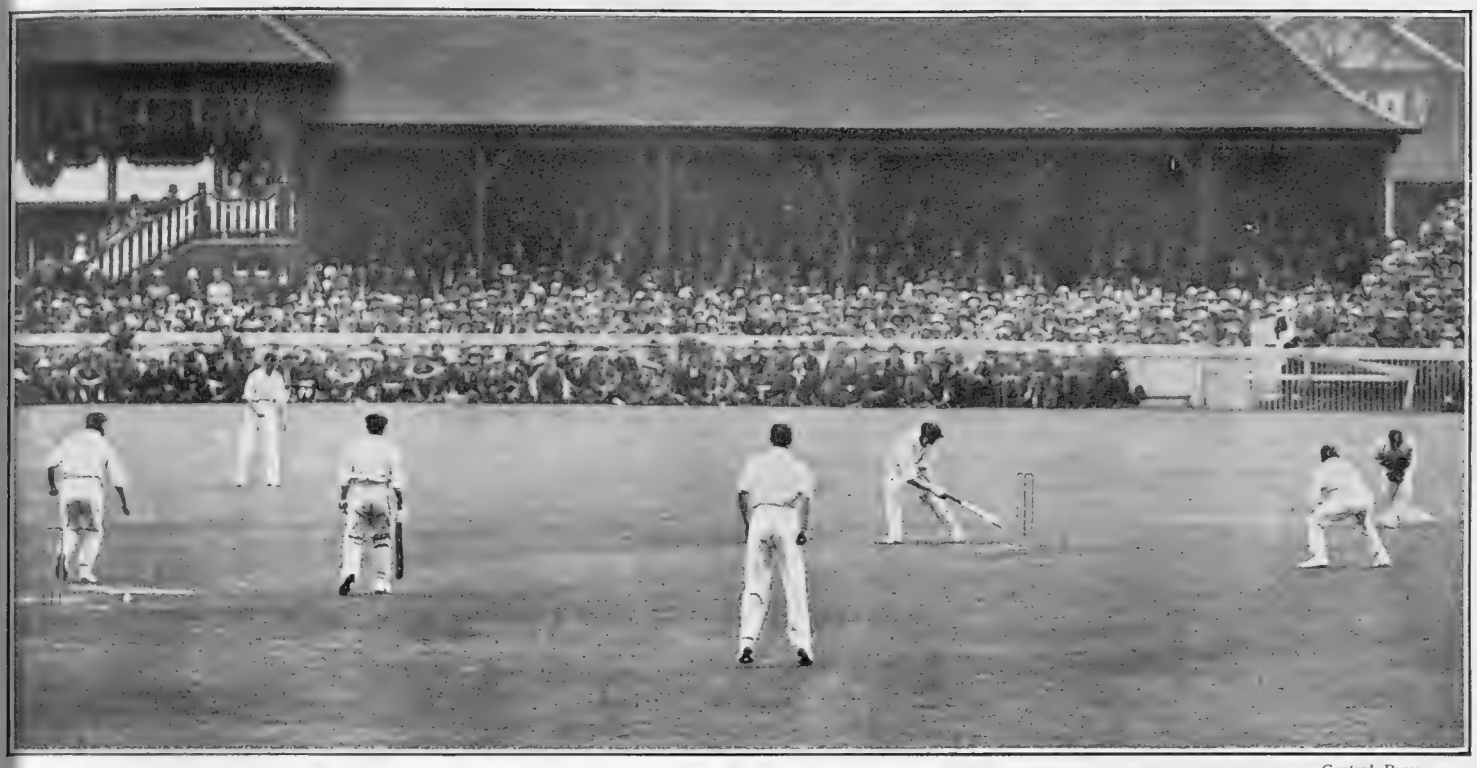
Mrs. Curtis Thomson presenting the Handicap Challenge Cup to Lt.-Col. Malise Graham, Captain of the 10th Hussars team, at the recent polo tournament at Stoke D'Abernon.

P. and A. Photo

A WIN FOR ENGLAND

G. M. Butler winning the 200 metres flat race in the annual athletic meeting between England and France, held last week at the Colombes Stadium in Paris. The English team won by a handsome margin

Sport at Home and Abroad



Central Press

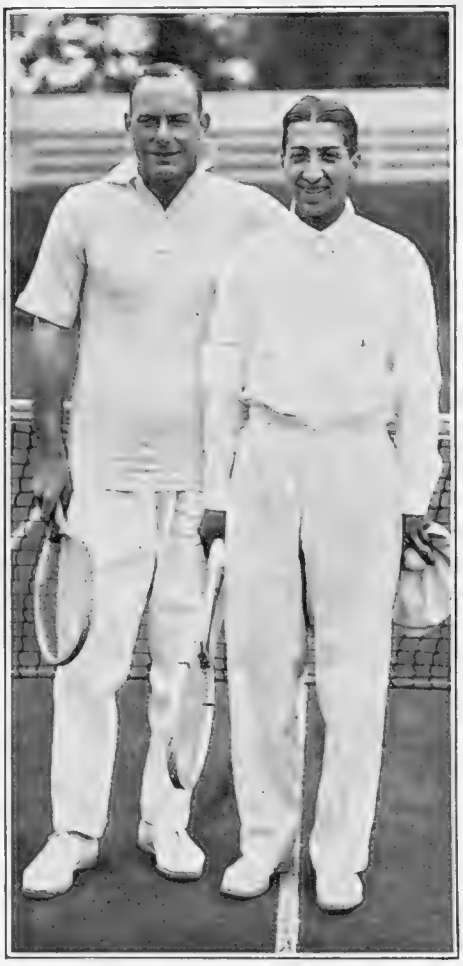
A NEAR SHAVE

W. M. Woodful nearly caught at the wicket by Strudwick in the Test Match at Manchester. It is interesting to see the fielders all on tiptoe for the chance of a possible catch. Again, owing to the weather, the match ended in a draw

Central News

DRAWING A LONG BOW

Miss N. E. Wallace (Lancashire), who won the championship at the Grand National Archery meeting at Oxford. The competition was held in the Worcester College gardens



Photographs

WINNERS—AND LOSERS!

O. G. N. Turnbull and René Lacoste photographed after their singles match in the Davis Cup. Lacoste won in three straight sets

Keystone

J. C. Gregory and H. Cochet photographed after Cochet had won by 7-5, 4-6, 7-9 7-5, 6-0 in the singles of the Davis Cup. This round was played at Cabourg

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

It is undeniably interesting to read about what are called *causes célèbres*, and in *Blotted 'Scutcheons* (Hutchinson: 18*s.* net), Mr. Horace Wyndham gives us a dozen gossipy chapters. But there should be, I feel, some more or less fixed rule for the making of such books. They cannot be difficult to write: a few newspapers to be consulted, possibly a volume or two of old letters, a little knowledge of legal machinery, and a dash of ironical wit, and there you are. By all means let us be given the old stories pleasantly dished up for our entertainment, but it is surely an error of taste to resurrect a case in which one of the innocent parties concerned is still living.

Taste changes, however, very quickly these days, and I may be squeamish and absurdly old-fashioned. In any case, Mr. Wyndham writes amusingly enough, and one at least of his "cases" cannot, I fancy, be widely known to the present generation. I refer to the singular case—as Sherlock Holmes might have called it—of the libelled sculptor. In the 'eighties, it seems, there was a fashionable sculptor named Belt who was alleged to allow work to go forth under his name for which he had not been responsible. The evidence cited is charmingly unusual.

Of the others, I should have thought that enough ink had been spilt by this time over Madame Rachel, but I suppose her success (while it lasted) *was* of the startling order, and she will not be the last of her tribe. As to the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, Mr. Wyndham rightly makes it clear that he was not really worthy of the widespread sympathy which used to be his. Not even the author of a book that lives on can expect to be treated differently from anybody else.

Then there are the cases of Lord Euston and Sir Charles Dilke—both too modern, in my opinion, for inclusion in a book of this kind; but, of course, they make very good reading. As for the affairs of Mrs. Norton and Lord Melbourne, they are sufficiently intriguing, and Mr. Wyndham makes the most of his opportunities. His book includes sketches of the unspeakable though reverend Mr. Hackman, of the lesser-known Chetwynd, who at the age of fifteen slew a fellow-student "with a certain knife made of iron and steel, of the value of sixpence," to quote from the official indictment, and of George Victor Townley, who, after being snatched from the gallows, not unwisely perhaps, put an end to his life in prison.

❋

Years ago I recorded my first opinion about a certain mild and inoffensive Roman Catholic priest called Father Brown, and although his introducer, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has since then forced the little man to play hero in quite a number of volumes, my opinion remains unaltered. To me Father Brown continues to be the most unusual and most piquant and most frightening of all the detectives of fiction. With Mr. Holmes you knew more or less where you were. You knew that there was always Dr. Watson in the background to share our responsibilities, as it were, in the business. He could hardly have made more mistakes than you were likely to make yourself. But with Father Brown you are in a different world altogether. People, it is true, are still murdered, and the wrong people may be suspected, but in general the cases upon which Mr. Holmes would be professionally engaged and the cases with which the little priest somehow becomes entangled are as different as—what?—as chalk and cheese-cakes.

The latest adventures of this phenomenal man are recorded by Mr. Chesterton in his new book, *The Incredulity of Father Brown* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and perhaps it will be enough if I say that they are on a par with their predecessors. Some of the problems to be solved seem at first to be so outrageously extravagant as to prevent even a genius like Father Brown from providing a rational explanation or even alighting on the truth, but he plods quietly along with his umbrella, and at the right moment takes charge, apologetically as usual, and in the end there are those astounding results which his previous exploits have let us to expect.

❋

After wading through a number of "thrillers" where impossible magicians disguised as detectives bring to book villains of a dye too deep for description, it is a genuine pleasure to read a novel which, while dealing with crime, tells a story of real men and women and not puppets, and in which one mystery is not piled on another and coincidences are not to be found on every page. Amongst the writers of such books I have always considered that Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes should occupy a high place. She has never attempted a mere "thriller," and yet has never failed to thrill us.

In her new novel, *What Really Happened* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) she has invented what seems to me to be a new and most legitimate trick of technique. A woman has been accused of murdering her husband, and the story opens with the first day of the trial. It seems to be a wholly unmysterious affair—the usual affair with the other man. But after that first day in court Mrs. Lowndes takes you behind the scenes—with most peculiar results. You learn the real truth. And then what? The trial is concluded, and—— Here, however, one draws the veil, so that you may enjoy the story yourself. It is a delightful example of Mrs. Lowndes's art.

G.P.U.

AT FULHAM

Mr. Milne Watson, Governor of the Gas, Light, and Coke Company, pinning a brooch to Miss Grogono, who presented a bouquet to Lady Cunliffe-Lister at the recent ceremony at the Fulham Gas Works. Lady Cunliffe-Lister performed the opening ceremony of the new gas-making and coal-handling plant

Summer Milk and Bird's Custard.

On the Stour, near Canterbury. *From the original oil painting by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.*

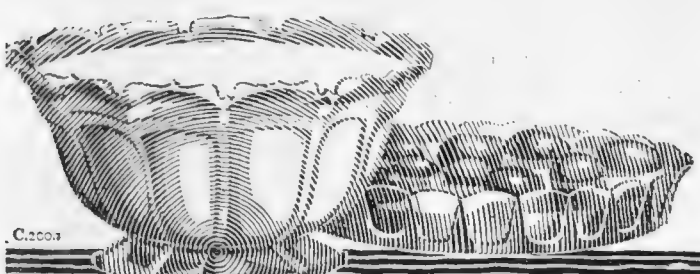
Summer milk!—The very thought calls up visions of freshness and sweetness. And whether you dwell in Town or Country, the Summer milk can in a few moments be transformed into delicious cream-like Bird's Custard.

Science tells us why milk is Nature's finest food, how its vitamines, proteid, and cream sustain and build up the body. Science also tells us how the combination of milk with Bird's Custard Powder increases its food-value by 25%, and thus we learn how very nutritious Bird's Custard is.

Take the fresh fruits from British orchards and stew them, or the tinned and dried fruits from Overseas, and serve with Bird's Custard. No dish is more enjoyable, and none so simple to prepare.

Bird's Custard

causes no kitchen work. It can be made in a moment after breakfast, and will set cool and refreshing, ready for lunch, dinner or supper.



On some days it is delightful to serve Bird's Custard in the new way — whisked to a thick cream after it is cold and set.

Tricolour pkts., 1½d.;
silvered boxes, 6½d. and 1/-; tins, 1/3½

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Central News

PASSING THE POST

The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme's Perhaps So, W. McLachlan up, winning the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Edwina and Purple Shade ran second and third respectively

The First Half

THE Goodwood Meeting may be said to mark the close of the first part of the flat racing season. For the next few weeks racing will be of a holiday character. There will be some interesting metings, but the racing army will be widely distributed and will not get together again until the York Meeting at the end of August. There is no reason to be dissatisfied with the quality of the season so far as it has progressed. I think we have two horses in training who will compare well with the best thoroughbreds of the past twenty or thirty years. I refer to Solario and Coronach. There are wide differences of opinion as to the respective merits of these champions. I have discussed the point with many experienced racing people and the majority of them have declared in favour of the three-year-old.

Two Champions

IT so happened that in the course of the Ascot Meeting I was asked by one of our leading owners to say how I would handicap Solario and the Derby winner in a match over a mile and a half course. I replied that I would be inclined to ask the four-year-old to concede 3 lb. more than weight for age. The owner to whom I refer agreed that that was a very fair reckoning. I mentioned this matter in one of my articles, and was promptly attacked in a friendly manner by many people who ridiculed my idea that Solario could give any weight above the regulation scale to the three-year old. This criticism, however, has not caused me to alter my opinion in the slightest way. I still think that Sir John Rutherford's colt is relatively the better of the pair, and I am supported in this opinion by Joe Childs, who must surely be reckoned the best judge of all in this question.

J. Childs Speaks

HE has ridden both of the colts in their best races and knows more about them than anybody else. He says that if he had to pick between the two in a match he would choose Solario, for whose racing temperament he has the greatest possible admiration. I hope that before the season is over the point will be put to a practical test. Solario and Coronach can run for the Jockey Club Stakes. At the moment it is intended that the former shall compete for that race, but the appearance of Coronach will depend upon whether he is anything the worse for his race in the St. Leger, two or three weeks previously. There will be a further opportunity for the two to meet in the Champion Stakes during the week of the Cesarewitch. One drawback which may prevent them from coming together is the fact that Joe Childs will be unable to ride both of them in the same race. Sir John Rutherford's claim on that jockey comes before that of the Beckhampton stable, and I am doubtful whether Lord Woolavington would start Coronach if he could not secure the assistance of his usual jockey.

Winning Owners

THIS owner was at the head of the list of winners at the beginning of the Goodwood Meeting. He had a total of £28,591 up to that date, but Lord Derby was not very far behind him with £25,165, and it looks like being an interesting struggle between them during the second half of the season. Lord Astor fills third place at the moment of writing, and then, at a considerable interval comes the Aga Khan, who has not done so well so far as had been expected. It is a very close thing for the season's championship among the trainers between Alec Taylor and Fred Darling. The latter will get a big lift if Coronach fulfils expectations in the St. Leger. But I should say the chances are in favour of the Manton trainer once again coming out at the top of the list. The Sussex fortnight is being continued this week at Brighton and Lewes.

POLO NOTES By A. W. Coaten

London Season

THE grounds at the London clubs are closed for the year, but this does not mean that the polo season has reached its end. On the contrary, the galloping game will be played with considerable vigour throughout the present month at the provincial clubs. On the Continent the tournaments at Deauville and Biarritz will attract many English players, while several are going to the United States to take part in the Open Championships there. The Argentine combination is to make a big effort to carry off the premier honours of American polo. Their success in the States depends largely upon whether Mr. Lewis Lacey has effectually shaken off the results of the severe accident which occurred to him when playing in the final of the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh.

Chequered Summer

LOOKING back on the past London season we can pronounce it a success in spite of the tremendous difficulties under which it laboured. First of all came the General Strike, just as the various clubs were ready for play. Instead of taking part in polo the majority of players enrolled themselves as special constables. It may be added that Major-General John Vaughan has pleasant recollections of the success which attended his efforts to raise a troop of polo-playing "specials" from among the members of the London clubs. When that crisis was over a good deal of bad weather was experienced; thus the month of May was practically a washout so far as polo was concerned. This meant that one-third of the London season had been lost. In the first fortnight of June there was again a great deal of wet, so polo players lost practically half of the season.

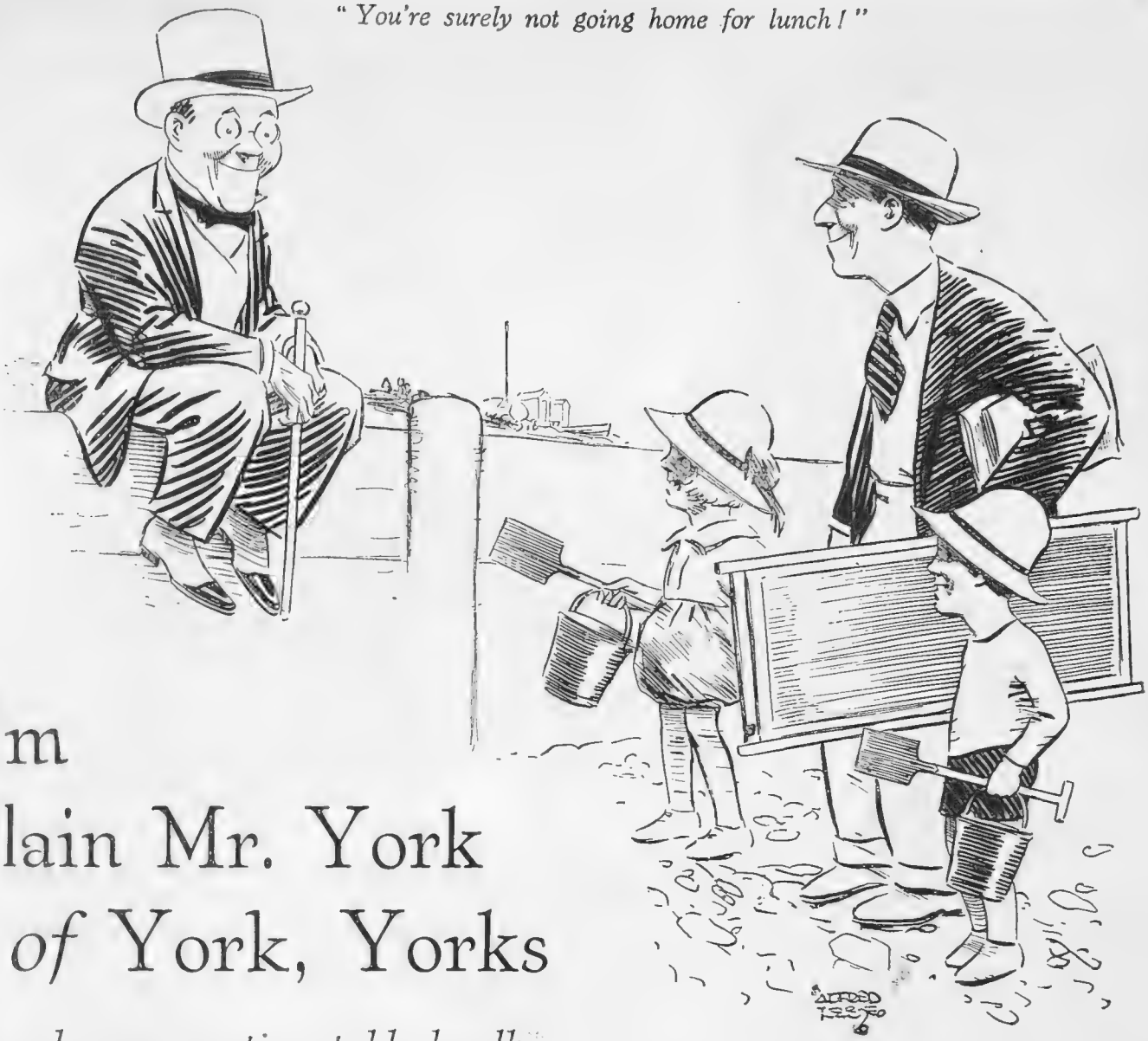
Social Clubs' Cup

IN these circumstances tournament arrangements were badly dislocated. Happily the second half of the season brought more favourable conditions, and it was possible to bring off some of the postponed tournaments after all. For example, the Social Clubs' Cup was played at Hurlingham right at the end of the season. Bucks Club, which has almost farmed this tournament in recent seasons, had both of its teams in the final, the result being the success of the side led by Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest. It cannot be doubted that the brightest feature of the past season was the presence of a number of players from abroad. The chief honours of the year went to El Gordo, a team composed of those enthusiastic Spaniards, the Duke of Peneranda and the Marquis de Villabragima, and those brilliant Anglo-Argentine players, Mr. John Traill and Mr. Lacey. Both of the latter were rather patchy. In the Champion Cup they were caught much below their form, but when they were at their best the team wanted a lot of stopping. Following their triumphs in the Open Cups at Roehampton and Ranelagh, El Gordo carried off the Coronation Cup, though this was a very near thing, owing to the mishap to Mr. Lacey during the game.

Notable Teams

FOR Lord Wodehouse it was a pleasant season in that he was able to lead his team of Harlequins to victory in the Champion Cup. This was one of the surprises of the polo year, as it had been imagined that either El Gordo or The Hurricanes would prove too good for Lord Wodehouse's team. I dare say Mr. S. Sanford is a little bit disappointed with the lack of success of the Hurricanes in the chief tournaments, but if they did not carry off any of the important "pots" they were at least always splendid triers.

"You're surely not going home for lunch!"



I'm Plain Mr. York *of* York, Yorks

My pleasure no time-table baulks,
All day I can frisk it
If I lunch off a biscuit
And a cake of Plain York from
York, Yorks.

Stay here and enjoy yourselves while the sun and the tide are both out. They may be *in* before you come back. So stop and have a bite with me. My "pocket banquet" is a fine large cake of Plain York chocolate! With a biscuit or two and an apple, it's a meal in a million.

Try some! See how it breaks into nice handy chunks. You like it? *Of course,* and the kiddies, too, they're regular 'chips of the old choc." And the best of it is, it doesn't make you thirsty. When you want some to-morrow, just mention my name at the confectioner's.

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

and get the newest and latest and most splendid eating chocolate.

Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate

Special Chocolate with almonds and raisins; very nourishing. In half-pound cakes only: Plain, with almonds and raisins (red label), 1/1.; Milk with almonds and raisins (blue label), 1/2.

Plain York: in 6d. cakes, also ½ lb. 1/-, 1 lb. 2/-, and in 3d., 6d. and 1/- "Nap" packets and 2d. bars.

BY GEORGE S. DIXON

AN OPEN VERDICT

FEMINA

OUT OF SEASON

By "CANDIDA"

IT was Lady Teazle, wasn't it, who said that she liked things only when they were out of season? And a monstrously perverted taste, her husband complained, in a girl brought up in the country. Perhaps; but it's this taste, perverted or not, which makes all the difference between the best people's civilisation and the other thing. Anybody can get roses in June and holly in December, just for the asking. But to have strawberries in December, peaches in June, plovers' eggs in November, is the last word which makes your parties go down with people who care about food. And it's surprising what lots of them do, now that figures, or rather their absence, aren't as essential as they were, and brilliant conversation, all about the arts, isn't done any more in one's party talk. In life there's nothing so certain, nothing so boring, as the way "fate keeps on happening," as Anita Loos says somewhere rather loosely—if I may be forgiven. It's got an obvious way of repeating itself on the same old lines for ever and ever. Of course, miracles do happen sometimes, but not often. Now and then at this time of the year you *may* get sunshine in August, you *might* meet a real Englishman in Piccadilly, and, still more seldom, a well-dressed woman in a vegetarian restaurant; but on the whole life has precious few surprises.

THAT'S why I like everything that isn't in season, and every place that's not on its best behaviour. London in August, for instance, especially when you know that you can get away the moment you feel like it; London with air to breathe and space to walk about in; London with the clubs empty and the roads up; when the privilege of doing nothing in particular is one's glorious birthright every Monday morning; till you remember, with a pang, that all the year round there's a season somewhere and that a few misguided rich are following it industriously round the globe; and a few others, equally misguided, no doubt, are dodging it with the same persistence.

I'M on the side of the dodgers. Once, just by accident, I landed at one of those smart places in France which live all the year round for their season, and by their season. Out of season it had no *raison d'être*, like the smart person, always so much dressed, however undressed she may be, that once deprived of her clothes there wouldn't be anyone there. I thought Deauville in May would feel exactly like that until I saw it one day thoroughly unseasonable, undressed and delightful. Its huge casino was shut, and its majestic, butter-coloured, green-shuttered hotels were asleep. The shops, or the part of them that mattered, were still in Paris, or at Cannes, and their empty shells looked like the eyes of people who have no souls. Even the sea was different; it was having a day off, and wore, for the purpose, a slip-shod gown of grey. On the beach, which no one bothered about, there were little dirty urchins to match. It was the real sea, not the pleasant water sideshow which the whole of Paris, some of London, and most of America come down ostensibly to admire, but never look at all during their stay. It was the real sea, that is a vast sheet of salt water on which little boats go fishing, and not just an excuse for marvellous bathing dresses and wraps and things. And the country, stretching away inland, wasn't as yet properly manicured. There was real mud on the roads along which country people in carts drove happy-go-luckily on the wrong side—be it noted. Of all life's little pleasures I know none nicer than to drive, just as the fancy takes one, without a rule of the road or anything. And how seldom it's given to people who blindly follow the season's routine, as if there were nothing else in the world to live for! Think what a pleasant thing is the open road in May, with really green hedges on either side of it, under which little chickens run about and little rabbits scuttle, gleefully unaware, as yet, of the rule of the road which, by and by, with the coming of the season, their old mother-hens and grandfather-rabbits will have to teach them.

Stage Photo Co.

A "FLAG"-RANT FLIRT!

Ena Mason, who plays the part of Poppy Dickey in "Rookery Nook" at the Aldwych. As a modern flapper she proves herself as charming and unconventional as she appears in this photograph

IN a few weeks, one felt, the great change would come. The sea will get out its party gown of azure with crystal fringes and its diamond tiara. The woods will do their best to look like the Bois de Boulogne. One day the Casino will wake into life like the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale; it will wake up less romantically but with the same feverish determination to take up again the burden of hectic living. The *Restaurant des Ambassadeurs* will vibrate as usual to its famous band and the prettiest *mannequins* in Paris will come down with their boxes packed with the "latests," from which there's now no respite any more, at any time. Years ago the new collections came out punctually twice a year, and one knew what to expect, or, at any rate, when to expect it. Then someone invented the mid-season shows, just to keep the interest up and the pot boiling.

I LIKED my Deauville in May before the grass turned brown and yellow and the country looked like a large, coloured picture post-card. At my little hotel, because it was raining (which it mostly does in the off season) in a cheerful kind of way, the *patron* insisted on a pleasant fire of wooden logs. Consideration, courtesy, and the best food, unaffordable in August, are yours without the asking in May; and yet no one seems to have discovered this. CANDIDA.

SONGSTERS FROM THE SOUTH

The Emory University Glee Club, who have been appearing in this country. Their programme includes many of the old Negro Spirituals which had their origin among the coloured workers in the cotton fields of Dixie

CAMERA NOTES

A STUDY OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY
The Peakland of the Dolomites

Mountain Photography

WITH the coming of organised facilities for excursions in the high Alps, mountaineering—in modest guise, maybe—has become an ordinary part of the holiday tourist's experience. Yet there still remains enough glamour about mountain travel to give added interest to mountain photographs, and many a holiday-maker has a special place in his affections for his snapshots of, for instance, a memorable day's scramble upon the Rhône Glacier.

Mountains and Molehills

THOUGH the finest Alpine subjects remain the preserve of the hardy and adventurous mountaineer, the ordinary traveller in the Alps—even the motor coach tourist—will come across scenes of glacier and peak that can be made into arresting photographs, under certain conditions.

However, it is futile to attempt to cram the monarchs of the Alps into a vest-pocket print. By all means, if you must, take the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau with a V.P. camera; but, when you have the negative, nothing less than a whole-plate enlargement should satisfy you. In this large print you will find at once a suggestion of the majesty and grandeur that had vanished from the contact print. Generous enlargement is thus the first resource in avoiding dwarfed perspective, but at the time of exposure much else can still be done to obtain a hint of the immensity and awesome grandeur of the mountain landscape.

Creating Scale and Distance

FIRST, by the choice of viewpoint, so as to include a carefully placed object in the foreground or mid-distance to give a scale to the scene: a figure close at hand, a mountain hut, a zigzag mountain highway or a distant group of climbers crossing a snowfield will admirably serve the purpose.

"Atmosphere," or effect of distance, also comes unasked to the aid of the photographer, for there is frequently present one of those almost imperceptible hazes of the Alps which, rendered in accentuated fashion by the photographic film, of itself creates the sense of a vast gulf of air veiling the distant peaks. On this account, in fact, colour filters are often advocated for Alpine photography; but they are generally unnecessary, and unless used with restraint will do more harm than good in these circumstances, by cutting out this impression of space and also by converting the deep blue sky into an expanse of nearly jet black. An accessory that is, however, really important, on account of the abundance of light, is an efficient lens-hood.

A Word on Exposures

As in most photographic work, correct exposure is very desirable. Here a word of caution is advisable to the wise photographer who relies for guidance upon an exposure meter: do not follow too closely the prescription to cut down one's exposures drastically for distant landscapes. Avoid the fancy speeds that are indicated by some meters for these conditions, and make sure of a full exposure by timing the shutter at not much less than a half that appropriate for a normal subject. This applies with special force when a filter is in use.

T. L. J. BENTLEY.

GETTING TESTY

By Michaelson

PAVEMENT ARTIST: "Just my luck! I might have known that drawin's of the Australian cricketers would bring the blinkin' rain down on my pitch"

"It was to these attendants that Dumbiedikes addressed himself pretty nearly in the following words . . . temporal and spiritual matters . . . being strangely jumbled . . .

"'These are sair times wi' me . . . Jock . . . it's a debt we maun a' pay . . . I was never gude at paying debts in my life . . . Mr. Novit, ye'll no' forget to draw the annual rent . . . Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping'."

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The thrift of the Seventeenth Century Scot is nowhere better exemplified than in the Old Laird's advice to his son. Thrift is mainly a matter of attention to detail. And it is attention to all the details of good distilling which makes Black & White so worthy, so kindly, and so positively good a whisky. The Old Laird of Dumbiedikes was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

TWO NO TRUMPS FIRST HAND

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Some players have adopted a habit of bidding originally "Two No Trumps" when they hold a good hand with every suit guarded. They argue that it very seldom goes wrong.

It is rare for the bid to be doubled. It puts the opponents in the position of bidding three of a suit, which they are unlikely to be able to do without risk.

Or, if their partners dislike the No Trumper, they can safely bid three of a major suit, holding five or more, knowing that the declarer has at least one honour in it.

Now, these arguments sound plausible enough, but in actual practice the theory does not by any means always pan out well. Here is a case in point:—

Dealer held: S.—A, 5, 2. H.—Q, 10, 3. D.—A, K, 7, 6, 4. C.—A, K. He called "Two No Trumps," was doubled by the player on his left, and lost 300 points.

. . . . . .

Here are the hands:—

S.—4, 3.
H.—8, 7, 4, 2.
D.—J.
C.—J, 10, 8, 7, 5, 2.

S.—K, J, 10, 9, 7.
H.—A, K.
D.—Q, 10, 9.
C.—Q, 6, 4.

Y
A B
Z

S.—Q, 8, 6.
H.—J, 9, 6, 5.
D.—8, 5, 3, 2.
C.—9, 3.

S.—A, 5, 2.
H.—Q, 10, 3.
D.—A, K, 7, 6, 4.
C.—A, K.

Z made only his three Aces and two Kings, five tricks in all, losing 300 points.

Now, in my opinion, the bid of "Two No Trumps" was bad. Not because it went down, for one should not judge by results, but because it was quite unnecessary. The declarer had the almost certain saving of the game in anything called against him.

If he had called "One No Trump" originally, "Two Spades" might have been called against him by second hand, or he might have been left in with the call.

In the former case, on the supposition that his partner leads his singleton Diamond and gets a ruff, he would have defeated the contract, making two Clubs, two Diamonds, one Spade, and a ruff.

Or if the "One No Trump" bid had been left in, it would not have been doubled, and declarer would have lost only 70 points (100 less 30 for Aces).

. . . . . .

There are cases when an original call of two, or even three, No Trumps is undoubtedly right, but discrimination is necessary. The cases which demand drastic treatment are where as dealer or first caller you hold a long solid minor suit and are short in the majors. Take a hand like this:—

S.—K, 2. H.—Q, 10, 3. D.—A, Q. C.—A, K, Q, J, 10, 5.

On this "Two No Trumps" should be called originally in preference to one because of the weakness in the majors.

To bid "Two No Trumps," as is the custom of some, when you are entirely bare of a suit, in order to prevent it from being called against you, is more often than not ineffective. If you have a good hand it is a mistake to gamble with it. It is necessary to take risks at times and at certain stages of the game and the score, but to go down constantly on good hands is the mark of the inferior player.

And how many there are who do it!

THE DOG DAYS

TAKING TO WATER

By "THE KENNELMAN"

These so-called Dog Days of August bring a notable crop of Dog Shows, including those of districts favoured by visitors, such as Bangor, Bridlington, Tunbridge Wells, and Porthcawl, all to-day (4th); Malvern to-morrow, Ryde on the 10th, Oxford on the 12th, Barnstaple on the 17th; Derby, Llanwrst, and Henley, 18th; Scarborough, 21st; Chester, 25th; and Ripley on the 28th of the month. And be it said, by way of reminder for all with serious ambitions in this direction, now is the time to get busy with preparations for the most classic and interesting of all doggy events: the Kennel Club's 65th Annual Show at the Crystal Palace on September 29 and 30. Book it in red ink, ye students and novices in Dog-fancying, for it will be the biggest and finest thing of the kind yet staged; an opportunity for real Dog study; for examining under one big roof (not to mention the terraces and gardens for trying their paces in the open) of the choicest specimens in the world of eighty different breeds. Just as the Kennel Club Stud Book is known the world over as the Dog-man's Bible, so the K.C. Show at the Palace is the fancier's Derby, Ascot, Bisley, Cowes, Henley, and Grand National rolled into one—a function by no manner of means to be missed, which attracts expert visitors from as far afield as India and California, in addition to the fanciers of Britain and the Continent. From many of these, as from study of the Dogs themselves, the discreet student of doggy lore can pick up invaluable and highly interesting knowledge.

All information about Dog-showing can be obtained from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly—that justly famous seat and centre of canine governance. The essential preliminary of registration now costs only half a crown, and whether or not to be shown, every good Dog deserves this attention. Show entry forms can be obtained at the same time, and—well, until you try you never know your luck, but whatever the upshot the experience is always interesting and worth having, yielding much, in addition to expert verdicts, that is not to be obtained in other ways. With regard to "show condition," all that's wanted is to have your Dog in the pink of perfect health. And then, to give him his sporting chance, you should spare a daily interlude of this holiday season for the job of teaching him to show himself in a ring to best advantage. Ten minutes or so twice a day will serve to school the average Dog into parading like a thoroughbred Hackney and standing to attention like a prize Clydesdale; and that will give him advantages in the judging ring which—as the result of owners' carelessness and neglect—some of our best pedigree Dogs conspicuously lack.

"Although of a famous working strain, my Cocker puppy—8½ months old now—seems shy of going into the sea. Surely all Dogs can swim? We thought he would enjoy it so much during our visit here. A longshoreman advises me to throw him in in deep water, from a boat or the end of the jetty, and says this will soon teach him." Of a knowledgeable tribe, this particular longshoreman is a poor adviser about Dogs. The writer is no sentimentalist, but has no earthly use for such fatuously Prussian methods as this—no more for pups than for children—and would only adopt them if anxious for some muddle-headed reason to implant a permanent fear and hatred of water in a youngster. Most Dogs will take readily enough to water, but some are shy of it at first, even in such breeds as Water Spaniels and Retrievers. (See pp. 36-37 of that admirable little handbook, "The Popular Retrievers.") Choose a warm day and shallow water over a firm, gradually shelving bottom. Paddle in yourself, ankle-deep, and coax the pup to paddle *with* you. That is the ideal start, from which he will very soon find himself swimming happily. Short of this, rely on coaxing and persuasion, always in very shallow water, throwing in a bit of stick or biscuit and the like. Never *throw* a pup in, and never make a beginning in very cold water, or water more than a few inches deep, or beside a muddy, reedy bank. The Prussian method (for pups or children) is, of course, infernally unkind; but especially is it stupid or impolitic, in that it usually breeds fear rather than courage.

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10 Day Tube
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Here's the Way

to lighten cloudy teeth

—to give them gleaming whiteness

Your gums like coral to contrast them—just remove that dingy film; see what happens.

THERE is now a way to quickly lighten and polish cloudy teeth; a way world's dental authorities advise. Your teeth are not naturally off colour . . . simply clouded by a film coat. Run your tongue across your teeth and you'll feel it . . . a slippery sort of coating.

It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. It keeps your teeth dingy and invites tooth and gum troubles.

Ordinary dentifrices don't fight film successfully. Remove it and you'll be amazed at the whiteness of your teeth. Your smile will be charming, your teeth like polished ivory, your gums firmed to coral colour.

To-day get the film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-day supply free. Or . . . purchase full size tube from your chemist.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 4/8/26

1742—THE MITRE CAP

The "GREYS" in Peace Time: It was probably due to Hanoverian influence that the three-cornered hat worn by the "GREYS," in the early part of the eighteenth century, gave place to the Mitre Cap. The two jolly troopers depicted here appear to be indifferent to the exotic "Pomeranian Grenadier" appearance of their headgear.

(From a painting by Christopher Clark, R.I.)

The identical quality—the same choice flavour that built the world-wide reputation of the famous Big Greys is now obtainable in a cigarette at 10 for 6d.: 20 for 1/-—the NEW SIZE GREYS. Why not *try* them?—they are on sale everywhere. You will find them true to every Greys tradition and just the cigarette you will always want to smoke.

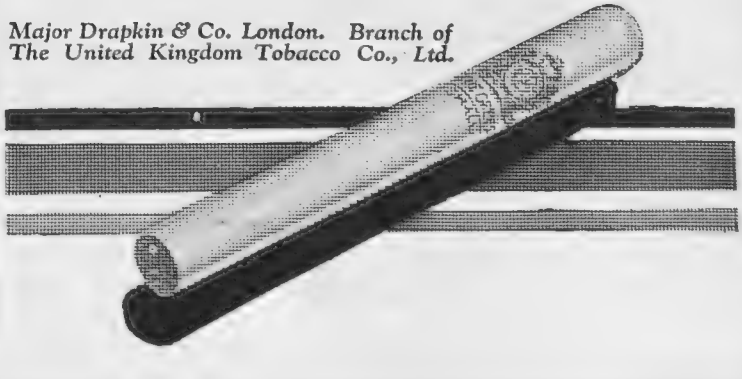
The

GREYS

20 for 1/-

"Smaller Brother of the famous Big Greys"

Major Drapkin & Co. London. Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Co., Ltd.



MOTOR NOTES

Central News

THE WINNER IN ACTION

A striking action photograph of Mr. S. G. Reynolds going all out. He won the Cooketown Motor Cycling Club 70 Miles Motor Cycle Road Race recently held near Belfast

portant features which combine to make driving and maintenance as simple as possible.

* * *

Now is the time for all motorists to use their influence in assisting the return to the fuel tax. Since 1920 owners of private cars have had to pay £1 per horse power per annum, whether they cover 500 or 50,000 miles a year. The proceeds of this taxation is devoted chiefly to the upkeep of the roads, and it would appear somewhat obvious that the man who travels the farthest does the most damage, other things being equal. Yet he is taxed entirely on the ownership of the car and not on its use. The fuel tax seems to be the most equitable method for taxing usage, and it should not present insuperable difficulties to determine what exactly is a motor spirit for the purposes of taxation.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

IN INDIA

A photograph taken at the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta. The car in the foreground is a 14/40 h.p. Vauxhall "Princeton" touring model

THE new Standard saloon is notably comfortable. The front seats are independently adjustable, giving comfort to both driver and passenger. The windows are raised and lowered by mechanical lifts, while such necessary features as a rear blind, an observation mirror, and an automatic windscreen wiper are also fitted. On the road the Standard is very lively in its running, in spite of the apparent weight of the body. It is a really good hill-climber on top, and when the low gears are required it still retains its lively performance. The braking, steering and suspension are all very good. The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., are well known for their study of the convenience of the owner-driver, and on this latest model there are to be found many small but im-

IN PICTURESQUE SETTING

A Wolseley 11/22 h.p. de luxe model. The photograph was taken at Stanway Hall near Moreton-in-the-Marsh

The Dunlop Book

THE continued demand for that mine of practical information on all aspects of motor touring, the "Dunlop Book," has necessitated the production of a third edition, which has been brought up to date and to which additional sections have been added.

These comprise such subjects as "Lawn Tennis," by Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, and "Touring in Ireland." The numerous standard features of the book, which make it invaluable to the motorist, are, of course, retained. They include a concise and remarkably well-illustrated guide to the British Isles and an exceptionally good and complete Touring Atlas. The book sells at 15s. net and is published by Burrow and Co., Kingsway, W.C., and Cheltenham.

THE
BYSTANDER
116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

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Over 400ft. up, close to Golt Course, Station, etc.

FOR SALE, a newly-built labour-saving FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, containing 4 bedrooms, dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 2 reception rooms, and offices.
Commodious Garage and Garden ground of just over ½ ACRE.
Well grates. Lavatory basins to twin services and wardrobe cupboards in all upstairs rooms. Tiled dadoes and floors.

Company's gas, water and electric light. Main drainage. Telephone available.

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Under a mile from two stations, also the famous Pantiles. Two golf courses near.

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FOR SALE, a really attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, approached by two carriage drives, and situate in old-world gardens and meadows of 15 ACRES. It has 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; garage, stabling, large barn, small farmery.

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Oak joinery. Company's gas and water. Electric light available.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
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In the best residential part, convenient to Station and Golf. High position enjoying extensive views.

FOR SALE, an artistic and well-built RESIDENCE, containing 3 spacious reception rooms, 6 excellent bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices.

All modern conveniences, including Company's water. Gas. Electric light and Main drainage.
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Eminently suitable for City man.

By Order of Executors.

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COMMODIOUS LEASEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, containing 7 bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room, nurseries, 3 reception rooms, verandah, conservatory, hall, and usual offices.

Electric light, gas and water. Main drainage. Telephone. Gravel soil.

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Prices:—1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6, 14/6 and upwards to 45/- per bottle. Soap, 3/- per box of three tablets; smaller sizes, 3d. and 6d per tablet.

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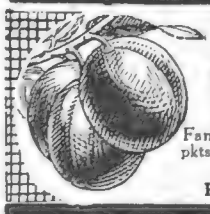

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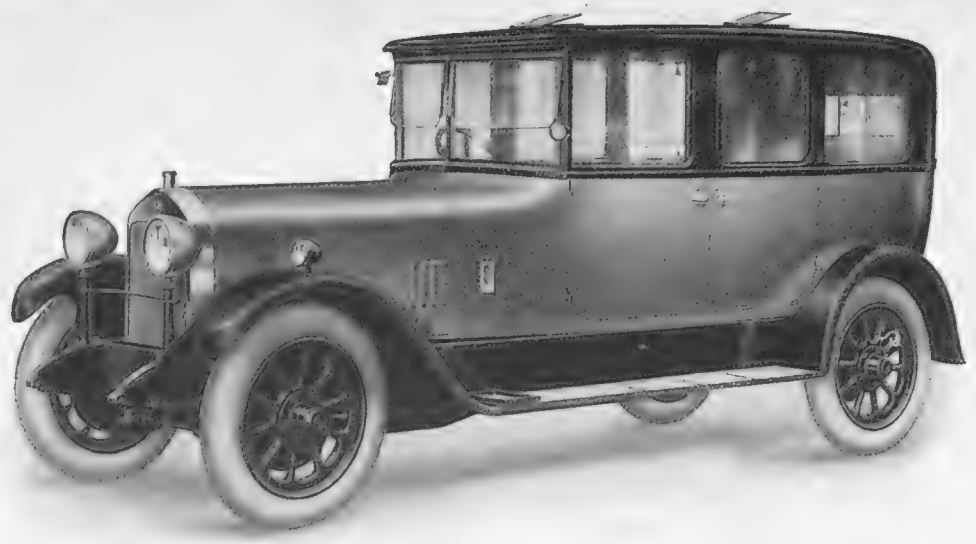

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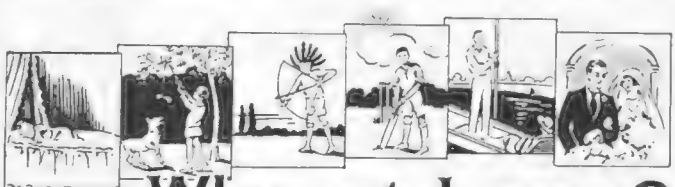

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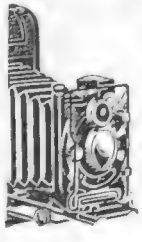

A pictorial diary of your life and the lives of your dear ones, in days to come, would be a treasured possession—and you would derive enormous pleasure NOW, in the making of the "Diary." The art of photography need present but few difficulties to the beginner, and should not be expensive. But why not call and see the "Westminster" experts about it? Their advice will be of great help in starting this fascinating hobby—and it will cost you nothing and entail no obligation. If you can't call write for Booklet C.

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Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Clothes for the Moors

FOR the early weeks of the shooting, when the weather will in all probability be warm, a tweed skirt and stockinette jumper represent the ideal kit; suits that are often supplemented by a cape slung round the figure with straps so that it can be thrown back, and completed by a lightweight pull-on felt hat that has a flexible brim. In which *galerie* there are to be noted speckled felts and others with under brims of a contrasting colour. Velour, too, is being revived, real beaver velour in bottle and hunter's green, and a novel reddish shade of brown that is most becoming and requires to be watched.

FOR THE MOORS

An original moor suit in knitted wool Jersey of beige and rose, with strappings of rose kid and belt and buttons to match. The cape is detachable and the underskirt is slit up above the knee

Original design by Helen Havers

Jersey in an effective mixture of beige and rose, woven to suggest a check design, is used by our artist for her original model of a moor suit; a colouring that is quite sufficiently neutral to be suitable, while a slight but enlivening touch is imparted by strappings of rose kid and a belt. The cape, it should be mentioned, is detachable, and arranged with a shoulder seam that is left open half-way down for the arms to pass through. Then the V shape leather collar strap buttons on to the dress at the back, the narrow neck band fastening by the same method, with crossed ends in front. When firm enough not to fray, hems of skirts and strapped seams are left raw or with selvedge edges; this lessening the weight and the clumsiness of a very thick fabric.

The Appeal Made by Smocking

FINE hand stitchery characterises so much of the present-day dress that it is scarcely surprising to find smocking revived as a decorative medium. This falls into line with quilting, gauging and fine stitched lines that appear not only in coats and dresses, but also hats. Smocking is to be seen defining the normal waist in filmy princess evening frocks, and adds a decided note of distinction to the smart little over-blouse depicted. This is designed for the so fashionable navy blue *crêpe de Chine*, with rows of gilt buttons running up either side for a short distance from the hem. Equally suitable to *crêpe de Chine* or satin is the companion model, rather more severe in line and character, the inserted vest hand-tucked and let in with openwork stitch. The trend of all jumpers and over-blouses is towards shortness, so that due proportion may be kept with abbreviated skirts.

THE CHARM OF SMOCKING

Two attractive examples of smocking. That on the left shows an over-blouse of navy blue *crepe de Chine* with rows of gilt buttons running up either side for a short distance. The other model, equally suitable to *crepe de Chine* or satin, has an inserted vest hand-tucked and let in with openwork stitch

Originals by Betty Nisbet

A Sure Sign

THE inventors of Pamoil permanent waving, Messrs. Aldworth and Hornett, 385, Oxford Street, have justifiably earned a name and fame not to be rivalled. Among the first to recognise this invaluable discovery of imparting a natural wave to perfectly straight hair, they have studied and experimented without cessation for many long years, gradually eliminating the useless and deleterious, retaining only the elements that have stood the severest tests.

From the first the wave produced is soft, free, and natural, with never a suggestion of frizz or that tell-tale resistance. Then each time the hair is washed and water-waved, the like impression is renewed.

An example of their skill is shown in the accompanying photographed head of Miss Celia Bird, the film star who appeared in "Married Love." This was taken immediately after Miss Bird had been subjected to a Pamoil shingle wave, and at once testifies to the above remarks.

Safeguard the Summer Complexion

WE have had a wonderful and enjoyable taste of summer weather, and, if reports hold true, there is more in store. But, as always, the blessed sun has left its toll in sunburnt faces, necks, and arms. Becoming, perhaps, in the initial stages to some, this burning process in the long run inevitably brings disaster that is not becoming, and frequently exceedingly painful. Nor is it at all easy to cure that redness, roughness, and subsequent peeling off of dried-up, scorched skin.

Prevention in every case is the better and wiser procedure, and it is easily within reach of us all who rely on Pond's two creams, the Vanishing Emollient to be used daily on face, neck, and arms before venturing out. This, carefully patted in, leaves no trace of its

MISS CELIA BIRD

Who is well-known on the screen. The photograph shows the pleasing effect of her Pamoil Shingle Wave

THE PACK HORSE HOTEL, AT STAINES

This popular riverside hotel is within short motoring distance of Hurst Park, Sandown, Windsor, Kempton, Epsom and Ascot racecourses. In addition to parking space for twenty motors and an up-to-date garage where repairs can be effected, it has 23 bedrooms and baths. The two big dining-rooms can accommodate parties of 80 or 100 guests

presence; nevertheless it is there all the time quietly working out its protective end. Delicately and exquisitely scented with Jacqueminot roses, this cream imparts a velvety surface, and, in addition, provides an ideal base for powder.

Then, after a long day's exposure in the air playing tennis or golf, or motoring, never touch the skin with water. Instead, give it a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. That at once brings all the impurities from the pores and tissues to the surface, leaving the skin clean and rejuvenated, whereas soap and water only tend to irritate. And if further festivities are in view use more of the Vanishing Cream, and always every night before retiring to bed, be you young or middle aged, sportswoman or not, cleanse again with the Cold Cream. The purity of the latter is guaranteed; many years of service have testified to that. The cost, as inferred above, is well within the means of the most modest purses. All stores and chemists stock both.

A Winning Battle

"I can do nothing to keep the moth away. The damage they do is really terrible," remarked a housewife of my acquaintance recently. However, I was able to show her how the moth pest can be absolutely routed by a new British product which is now upon the market. "Ovanix," which is fatal to moths whether in the egg, larval, or winged stages, has a pleasant odour and does not cling to clothes when exposed to the air. Furthermore, "Ovanix," which is made at the Ovanix Laboratories, 20, North Wharf, Paddington, will, if placed in an exposed position in a room, drive off mosquitos and gnats.

For Scorched Skins

The sun is so capricious in its appearances here in England that it is only natural that people should rush to make the most of it. Unfortunately, many of them overdo it and make hay of their complexions while the sun shines, taking away with them painful reminders in the shape of scorched necks and arms and peeled noses. The painful after-effects of sunburn need never appear if one is fortified by the use of Beetham's La Rola. This skin tonic effectively prevents peeling and roughness after exposure to the blazing sunlight. It is obtainable at all chemists and stores throughout the world, and is cheap at 1s. 6d. a bottle.

Indoor Tennis

The artificial lighting of indoor tennis courts has long been a problem for electrical engineers, as there is always the difficulty of securing a uniform light. A very interesting example of tennis court lighting is afforded by an installation recently completed by Messrs. Duncan, Watson and Co., in conjunction with the British Thomson-Houston Company, Ltd. The illumination is absolutely uniform over the entire court, and the lighting is entirely without flicker. This new process has added very considerably to the ease and accuracy of play, and further information may be obtained by those interested in tennis court lighting from Messrs. Duncan, Watson and Co., 62, Berners Street, W.1, or from the Lighting Engineers Dept., the British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

THE INDOOR COURT AT WESTBURY MANOR

This indoor lawn tennis court is lighted by Mazda lamps in B.T.H. Glassteel Diffusers

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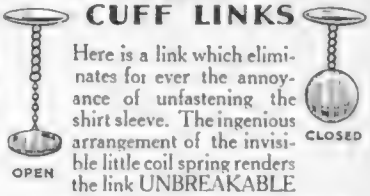

Here is a link which eliminates for ever the annoyance of unfastening the shirt sleeve. The ingenious arrangement of the invisible little coil spring renders the link UNBREAKABLE in ordinary use. Get a pair to-day—once you have experienced for yourself their unique advantages you will never be without them.

Pull the Sleeve - that's all!

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When on Your Holidays

your face and skin are entirely at the mercy of the scorching sun and winds, most of the time being spent in the open air. You must, therefore, prepare your face and hands before starting out. For this purpose there is no better preparation than the world-renowned toilet cream,

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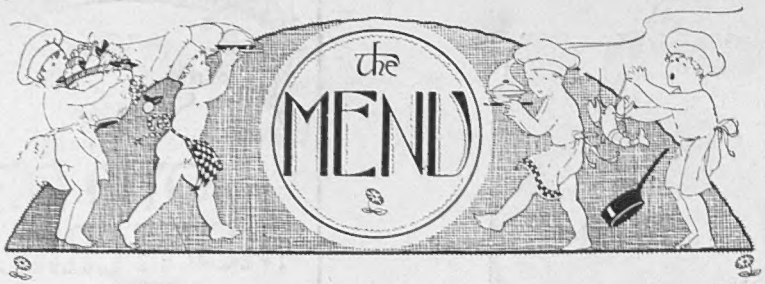

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Galantine of Veal

One pound of fillet of veal, ½ lb. of lean ham, ½ lb. of bread-crumbs, all put through the mincing machine. Mix well together, adding two well-beaten eggs, and flavouring to taste. Also add a little good stock. Tie in the form of a roly-poly in a cloth very tightly, and boil in stock for over two hours. Take out of stock, press into a nice shape, and glaze when cold.

Chicken Mould

Mince very finely some cold chicken (about 1 lb.) and mix with it one teaspoonful of minced onion, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley, salt, cayenne pepper, and a very little grated nutmeg. Moisten with one gill of stock, and add two beaten eggs, press into a mould, and steam one hour. Set on ice till firm, and turn out.

Meat Rolls

1 lb. minced meat, ½ lb. good short pastry. Take a mixture of meat, such as ham and beef, or ham and tongue, or veal and ham. Season nicely and add a little good gravy to moisten and a little mixed herbs or minced onion. Roll out the pastry into five-inch squares, rather thinly. Form the meat into four-inch rolls, place one of these on each piece of pastry, and fold over in half. Press the edges well together, make two incisions on top, brush over with a beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

Maids of Honour (as made at Richmond)

Put 2 oz. of butter into a pan, and when melted stir in ½ lb. of castor sugar, then add the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Add three beaten eggs, and simmer gently till thick. Fill lined patty-pans with the mixture, and bake.

Grape Fruit—Pineapple Sherbert (One Quart)

Soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water, add two of boiling water, and mix with one and a half cupfuls of grape fruit pulp, one cup of grated pineapple, one of sugar, and three-quarters of a cup of water. Freeze. This is a delicious summer drink.

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